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LUCKNOW, FROM THE RIVER'S SIDE.

MEMOIR

OF

JOHN LOVELING COPE

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS OF THE FIRM OF COPE & SONS,
LATE OF PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE COPE FAMILY

BY

REV. CHARLES H. H. WRIGHT, M.A.

LONDON
JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
1877.

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MEMOIR

OF

JOHN LOVERING COOKE,

FORMERLY GUNNER IN THE ROYAL ARTILLERY, AND LATE LAY-AGENT OF THE BRITISH SAILORS' INSTITUTE, BOULOGNE;

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE INDIAN MUTINY OF 1857-8,

UP TO THE FINAL CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW;

BY THE

REV. CHARLES H. H. WRIGHT, M.A.,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, AND EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,

CHAPLAIN OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOULOGNE S. MER.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

1873.

210. m. 360.

TO

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS IN INDIA

THIS LITTLE MEMOIR

OF ONE WHO

FORMERLY WAS ALSO A SOLDIER IN INDIA,

IS,

AS HIS DEATH-BED REQUEST,

Affectionately Inscribed.

[*See pp.* 222-223.]

PREFACE.

PERHAPS a preface is scarcely necessary for such a work as this. The reason of this Life being written will appear in the course of the Memoir itself, especially in the closing chapter. God grant that the perusal of the little history here detailed may be a blessing to some souls.

But though a preface is not needed for the Memoir itself, it may be well to state that the sketch of the Sepoy Rebellion embodied therein, with the exception of that part in which Cooke was personally engaged, has been chiefly drawn from the two valuable volumes already published by Sir J. W. Kaye on *The Sepoy War*. The other works used in drawing up this sketch have been the *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence*, by Sir H. Edwardes and Mr. H. Merivale, Mr. Gubbins' book on the

Mutinies in Oudh, the *Life of Major-General Sir H. Havelock, K.C.B.*, by Mr. J. C. Marshman, and the pamphlets on the *Mutiny of the Indian Army*, by "One who has served under Sir Charles Napier."

The frontispiece of "Lucknow from the river-side" has been engraved by permission from the very interesting set of lithographic views, published by Day & Son, entitled "*General Views and Special Points of Interest of the City of Lucknow*, from drawings made on the spot by Lieut.-Col. D. S. Dodgson, A.A.G., with descriptive notices." This work was issued in folio in 1860, and is well worth its price.

C. H. H. W.

13 Boulevard Daunou, Boulogne s. Mer,
August 1, 1873.

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CHAPTER I.

School-days—Convictions of Sin—Works as a Farm-servant—As a Navvy—Joins Militia—Sin and Trouble—Enlists in Artillery—Dissipation—Friendly Monitor—Punished in the Cells—Arousing Sermons—Baptist Chapel—Ordered to China.

JOHN LOVERING COOKE, the subject of the present memoir, was born in the parish of Tawstock in Devonshire, on April 30, 1834. He was one out of thirteen children. His father was a farm labourer, and the son was brought up to follow the same calling. His father belonged to the Church of England, but, though a man of good character, he does not appear to have been decidedly religious; his mother was a pious woman, and a member of the Baptist Church. Both endeavoured earnestly to impart to all their children an acquaintance with the Holy Scripture, and such an education as was within their reach.

John attended the village school until he had attained the age of eleven years. Yet from his own confessions he seems to have been a sad truant, and very often to have been absent from school. Hence his education was far from being as thorough as it might otherwise have been.

He had in his youth several transient convictions of sin. Having one day, in some boyish sport or

mischief, stayed away from home till late, and being questioned on his return as to where he had been, he told a falsehood on the spot. He had no sooner told the lie than a cold shudder pierced through his frame, and he thought that perhaps the devil might forthwith come to take him away. The thought made him start from his seat and glance towards the door with such a terrified look, and withal he turned so pale, that his mother perceived that something was wrong, and said, "You are telling a lie." He confessed his fault with tears, and was forgiven; but the recollection of this incident abode upon his mind long afterwards, and made him feel, even as a child, that "the ways of transgressors are hard."

Another anecdote he relates of his boyish days. He had at one time been playing truant from school for several days in succession. The schoolmaster accordingly called at the end of the week to inquire concerning the boy. Ere he had quite finished his visit to the parents the boy himself came in—when the master spoke solemnly to him, and said, "John, you have been serving the devil, and the devil, you say, you will serve. I shall not punish you, but God will." The schoolmaster's words sank deep into his heart, and were not quite forgotten, even amid all the dissipation and recklessness of his later years.

At the age of eleven, as is too general with boys of the working classes, he left school, and went to

service to a person who was a farmer and also a Baptist preacher, though not a regularly ordained minister of that body. In his service he remained a year, and learned during that time much good from his master, as he was not only kind, but also kept the lad under strict discipline, and compelled him to attend the Sabbath-school regularly, as well as the other services in the Baptist chapel.

This kind of life, however, did not please the lad. He accordingly gave up that situation, and wandered from one place of service to another, and having a longing for a roving life, and being, too, desirous to be free to give license to his own sinful inclinations, he thought of completely leaving such kinds of employment. He thought of taking up a seaman's life, but was not able to put that plan into execution. He joined, however, the militia in April 1852, and went to Exeter for a month's training. While here he got into company of the lowest kind, and sank, accordingly, even deeper in his own estimation.

On the breaking up of the regiment, John L. Cooke went to work on a railway, and soon became noted as one of the worst of the navvies. He delighted in the public-house; and yet withal he still bore a good character as a good and willing labourer, and took a pride in keeping himself clean, respectable, and out of debt.

He, too, had during this period moments of deep conviction, when he shuddered at the sin and folly in which he was engaged, and in such times as

these the lessons learnt in childhood would recur to his mind.

After working on the railway for a period of twelve months, he resolved to enlist in the army, and having been persuaded by an artilleryman that the artillery was the best department of the service, he enlisted as an artilleryman in Her Majesty's service on February 17, 1854. He did not enlist, as too many have done, under the influence of drink, but because he thought he would like that kind of employment, and might acquire glory thereby.

Cooke left his parents' house in a very hasty manner, after bidding his friends farewell. His conscience, however, for a time, was ill at ease, but it was soon lulled to rest by the thought that he would come back, ere very many years had expired, with money in his pocket, and that then he would be able to do something for his parents, whose counsel he had hitherto disregarded, and whose support he had left to others.

After partaking of the "farewell glass" at the public-house, he set forth on his road, and on the way to Exeter kept all his comrades alive with his singing and merriment. At Exeter he met with many recruits like-minded with himself, and they indulged themselves in drinking, and in all kinds of dissipation. Woolwich was the head-quarters of the regiment, and thither, of course, he had to repair. Military discipline was at first irksome to him in the extreme, and he soon bitterly repented of the

life he had chosen. Yet he never admitted this fact,—he told his friends that he liked it very well, and though irksome at first, he confessed in later life that the training was most beneficial to him. His temper was quick and passionate, and brought him often into trouble. He made resolutions to himself of amendment in his course of life, but, as might be expected, soon broke such resolutions, and fell into all the low sins which had previously entangled him with their sinful delights.

One night as Cooke was returning home drunk, and tottering about in the street, a young man kindly took his arm and led him home to the barracks. This prevented him on that occasion from being absent from night-roll, and so saved him from military punishment. Drunk as he had been, he could well remember that this young man, who was a Presbyterian, spoke to him on the way about his sin and about religious things, and that he had promised on his part that he would try to become a better man. But the promise was soon forgotten. The next Sunday, however, Cooke met with the young man again at the church at which he attended. He remembered him, and felt ashamed when he called to mind the state in which he had been seen by him. But the young man addressed him kindly, and asked him to take a walk with him. He did so; and again the importance of religion was pressed upon his attention, and promises were made with the lips which were, alas! then never

designed to be kept. Cooke often sought to avoid this friendly monitor, and sometimes on hasting away from him would make straight to the public-house, there to endeavour, and too successfully for a season, to drown the voice of conscience by drinking and singing drunkard songs. His monitor did not, however, give up the case as hopeless, but sought, though with no apparent success, to turn the poor soldier's heart to the Lord. The regiment was soon ordered to move to Leeds, preparatory to embarking for the Crimea, and so Cooke soon parted for ever from his faithful adviser, whom he treated at last more, however, as an enemy than a friend. He promised, notwithstanding, that he would write to him, but he soon forgot both the promise he had made, and the kind advice he had received. It came back to his mind in later years.

At Leeds Cooke still pursued his career of sin and folly. An acquaintanceship formed there with a family of a somewhat pious turn of mind tended to keep him more steady for a time, and he had even some thoughts of beginning in reality a religious life. But he soon fell into some mischief, for which he was punished with forty-eight hours imprisonment in the cells. The punishment was more than was perhaps deserved, but the offence committed had been represented to the authorities in such a strong light, that the punishment seemed in their eyes to be a lenient one. The most bitter ingredient in it to Cooke's feelings was that his hair

was cut after the prison fashion, which made him for some time ashamed to be seen in the circle of his friends and comrades.

A sermon he heard in a chapel at Leeds made at this time a great impression on him. It was a farewell discourse, in which the preacher spoke strongly of sin, and faithfully warned his hearers against the deceitfulness thereof. Cooke thought that the preacher addressed his remarks specially to himself, as he happened to be near the pulpit, and was unable entirely to conceal the workings of a guilty conscience. The minister told an anecdote of a small party who set forth one day on a boating excursion on the coast of Norway, intending to view the celebrated Maelstrom from as near a point of view as it could be beheld with safety. He narrated how they let the boat glide along towards the fatal spot, thinking that they could turn it round whenever it was necessary. But while they were carelessly enjoying themselves, the current grew stronger and stronger, until the whirlpool was distinctly seen at no great distance. They then strove hard to return, but were unable to do so despite all their efforts, so that at last they were swallowed up in the raging abyss. "Sinner," said the minister, "take heed lest such be thy fate at last, hurrying on from sin to sin, until death appears right in view. You may then begin too late to call for mercy, and too late think of returning to thy God."

This anecdote so much affected the soldier that

he shed tears, and in order to repress his emotion folded his hands across his breast. The preacher, perhaps, noted the action, for he forthwith added, "Some hardened sinners, when they hear anything that for the time convinces them of the evil of sin, and touches their hearts, fold their hands across their breast in order to stifle their emotions—as much as to say, 'I will not hearken this time.' Beware, sinner, beware, lest thou, too, may be lost as the pleasure party were at last."

Cooke felt the truth of the preacher's remark, and unclasped his arms, but he was very much annoyed thereat. The sermon weighed, however, heavily on his mind, but, though not forgotten, it was not the cause of any real change in his character.

The troops were soon moved from Leeds to Dublin, and afterwards to Athlone, and on the march and journey Cooke soon fell into sin as deeply as before. From Athlone, after a very short time, the detachment was ordered to head-quarters at Woolwich. There Cooke was again entangled in the sins of drunkenness and immorality; and there, too, he was for a time arrested in his downward course by the following incident.

He was going one Sunday as usual to some of his old haunts of sin, when, as he passed along the road, his attention was arrested by singing proceeding from a little chapel in the same street. Attracted by the singing, he went first to the door, and was then induced to go in and sit down. An

old minister preached, and though the sermon was forgotten as a whole, and even the text was not remembered, the solemn exhortations which the minister addressed to careless sinners were not entirely effaced from Cooke's memory, nor the words with which the preacher concluded his discourse—"Sinner, sinner, remember heaven, hell, judgment, eternity."

These words sounded long in Cooke's ear, and often recurred to him at later periods of his life. He inwardly made resolutions to serve the Lord at that time, and for a short period these resolutions were attended to. He became a regular attendant at the chapel, and began to seek after God. But he had no moral courage to come out and be separate, nor was he willing yet to give himself wholly to the Lord. His life, however, for a time was more steady, and he gave up the evil practice of swearing. One day, passing by the chapel, and seeing the door open he went in, but found the meeting was only for the enrolled members of the church, who were partaking of the Lord's Supper. The conviction flashed across his soul that he had no lot nor part with them, and the words of our Lord, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having on a wedding garment," rushed into his mind. So he turned homeward, feeling a load of guilt resting on his heart.

On New Year's night 1857, Cooke went to the Baptist Chapel. On that occasion two young

women and three young men were baptized. While the service was being carried on, he felt that it must be a happy thing to be a Christian indeed, and, whilst tears ran down his cheeks, he wished that even he himself was among the candidates for baptism. It must be noted that owing to his mother having been a Baptist, Cooke had not been baptized in infancy. One poor old man in the chapel saw his emotion, and coming up to him shook hands with him warmly, and said that he hoped he would see him soon become a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Moved by the emotions of the moment, Cooke replied that he heartily trusted he would.

These deep feelings and impressions were, however, but transient. The detachment was ordered to China for active service, and many of the men, in anticipation of their long voyage, seemed resolved to enjoy all the pleasures of sin they could while yet on the shores of England. Cooke again became entangled in such revellings, and the grace of God soon seemed to have been quenched again in total darkness.

CHAPTER II.

Embarkation for China—Thoughts of Home—Storms—Incidents of Voyage—Arrival at Hong-Kong—Ordered to India—Arrival in the Hooghly, and progress up the Ganges—Ordered to Lucknow.

J. L. Cooke embarked with his regiment for China on board the *Moorsfort*, on the 18th of April 1857, and at four o'clock on the same afternoon the vessel sailed, and with three hearty British cheers the soldiers quitted the shores of Old England for work in a foreign land. Little did they know then the hard work that was before them. When, on the 24th, the last bit of English land faded from view, Cooke began to realise his position. The past seemed to rush before him as a troubled dream, and the memories of home and childhood, and the future with its unknown dangers, urged themselves upon his attention. Similar thoughts seemed to sober and solemnise the minds of his companions; but these reflections were as soon as possible got rid of by various amusements, which were devised to divert the thoughts of the men from such sad considerations.

It was rough weather when crossing the Bay of Biscay, and Cooke, who had never been on sea before was rather at first nervous. He proved to be a

good sailor, and was able to remain on deck when most of his companions were prostrated with sea-sickness. He thus describes his feelings during part of the time :—

"I was at watch in the forepart of the night, and when I went down to my hammock I could not sleep, but again returned on deck, and planting my back against one of the masts, held on to the ropes. I was drenched by the waves which beat over the vessel. It was very dark, and only the noise of the stormy billows was heard. I thought how peacefully my friends in England were taking their rest in their beds, while I was thus tossed upon the bosom of the ocean. Yet in the midst of such thoughts as these I was somehow calm and happy, nor was I afraid. I seemed to be assured of my safety, and even wished that I was a sailor instead of a soldier. I know not whether I had any thoughts of the great Pilot who calmed with his word the troubled ocean ; but one thing I remember full well, that here again I made a solemn resolution to become a better man, and to trust in the providence of God, without whose knowledge not a sparrow can fall to the ground, and by whom the hairs of our head are all numbered."

The following extracts from his journal will give some of the most striking incidents encountered in the voyage out :—

"*June* 11, 12.—Doubled the Cape of Good Hope. The sea rose mountains high. Our ship was tossed

about like a feather on the water, the soldiers tumbling about the deck, one could hardly keep one's footing.

"13*th*.—A very heavy storm to-day—the sea pouring over us in hogsheads, and we are like a lot of ducks, sometimes rolling about the deck, at other times holding fast by our ropes. All the hatchways are battened down, with the exception of one; and down that so much water came that it took us several hours to bail it out. One wave in particular came over the bows, which swept away all before it from stem to stern, and broke in the cabin door, and floated the table. All the glasses were broken to atoms, and the watch on deck were floating about from one side of the ship to the other. Had the hatchways been open, I think the vessel would have been swamped.

"14*th*.—Early this morning our ship was thrown upon her beam-ends, and I thought, and so did many more, that she was going to the bottom. I was in my hammock, and found myself jammed against the upper deck of the vessel, she was so much on her side. The roar of the storm was fearful, and with the creaking and tumbling of the vessel, and the noise of the water pouring down the hatchways, I thought the ship was being buried in the sea. The captain rushed up in great haste from his bed to see what had happened, as the vessel was long in righting herself. But, thank God, she did so at last.

"*July* 5.—The ship is rolling very much, and we cannot keep our feet. It is most difficult work to eat our dinner. The plates and dishes go rolling about, and the men go on all fours over the deck in all directions. Our knapsacks and clothes are floating about in all parts of the ship, and we are half-way up our legs in water. But we are all as merry and light-hearted as if we had been sitting in a public house at home; and have many a good laugh, as our comrades get some tumbles with bowls of soup in their hands."

Cooke's journal thus notices all the little incidents which occurred on board, and the various places which were passed. At length, the vessel neared what was thought to be the end of the journey. After having been caught in another heavy storm, he thus writes:—

"*August* 8.—A great change to-day. The wind dropped, and it was fortunate for us that it did, as had the weather been rough we could not have passed where we did to-day. The sea here is full of rocks. In one place our passage lay right between two rocks, where there was only just room for the ship to pass. But we cleared them all, and suddenly found ourselves in the harbour of Hong-Kong. We anchored at four P.M., after having been exactly sixteen weeks on our voyage."

Three days afterwards news reached Hong-Kong

of the fearful mutiny which had broken out in India, and the troops were ordered to proceed to Calcutta with all speed. They embarked accordingly on the 15th on board H.M.S. *Sansperell*, a three-decker of seventy-four guns. There were eight hundred soldiers on board. Next day early the vessel weighed anchor, and steamed out of the harbour of Hong-Kong.

Some extracts from his journal will not be uninteresting :—

"*August* 21.—Very hot. Sighted land on the port-bow, called Cochin-China. It is a very mountainous place; we did not go near enough to be able to note more of its features. It is laughable to see us clad with nothing but thin trousers, and the perspiration running down us in streams. But the worst is we have not room for all our hammocks. I have slept with a flock of ducks and fowl above me, and a flock of sheep under me, which I find is not very pleasant. I was at last obliged to shift my quarters, and take the lower deck, which was awfully close."

Divine service was held on board regularly every Sunday. The band played the hymns and psalms. The sermons do not appear to have been of very rousing character. To keep up the spirits of the men, the band used also to play every night, and the soldiers used to amuse themselves with singing, dancing, and playing singlestick. Poor fellows!

they little thought of the fate that was in store for very many of them in India.

On the 15th September the vessel arrived in sight of the Ganges, or rather of that arm of that noble river which is called the Hooghly. There were many ships lying at anchor. The *Sansperell* went up the river as far as it could with the tide, and the soldiers were then disembarked, and went on board the gunboat *Auckland*, in which they proceeded to Calcutta. There they disembarked at three P.M. on the 17th. The scenery going up the river charmed and delighted the soldiers,—the noble trees and thick foliage on every side, and the fields covered over with green corn and grass seemed to rejoice and sing. All but the spirit of man was divine. The soldiers were disembarked again on the 18th, and many of them, enticed by the cheapness of wine, got intoxicated therewith. Cooke fell again into the same besetting sin.

On the 26th, the regiment having been embarked on board a river steamer proceeded up country. The steamer anchored by night, and proceeded on its course by day. The soldiers were much crowded together, and consequently uncomfortable. For the first hundred miles the river seemed to wind through nothing but woods and jungles on both sides. The banks were so near that the fruit could be seen on the trees. The birds of various plumage amused the men, and the monkeys as they skipped from

tree to tree. But their thoughts were naturally ever and anon turning to the service on which they were entering, and the warfare they had before them. The musquitoes were so troublesome in the night-time, as the vessel was anchored alongside of the woods, that many men were sent to hospital from the effects of their bites, and Cooke had to remain in hospital for a fortnight from this cause.

Dinapore was reached on the 18th October, and here a change of boats was made, and the soldiers went on board a large two-decked boat by the name of *Dallah*. Boxar was passed on the 21st. It was occupied then by a few European troops, and by many of the members of the Civil Service, who had fled there with their wives and families. They all turned out to see the vessel pass by with the new reinforcement for the suppression of the mutiny, and greeted the soldiers with enthusiastic cheers. Their greetings were heartily responded to, and the hearts of the men beat high as they thought that they were going onwards to the rescue of their fellow-countrymen—the tale of whose sufferings and misery had reached their ears.

Allahabad was finally reached on the 27th, and the men were disembarked and were quartered in the fort. They were marched into camp on the 31st, and took in charge a battery of twelve mortars; for orders were soon received that the detach-

ment was to proceed forthwith to the relief of Lucknow, under the leadership of the new commander-in-chief, Sir Colin Campbell.

Here we close this chapter, as it may be useful to give a slight sketch of the history of this great rebellion ere we proceed with the personal narrative of the subject of this memoir.

CHAPTER III.

Lord Dalhousie—Annexation of Oude—Sepoy Army—Greased Cartridges—Barrackpore—Nana Sahib's visit to Lucknow—Disarmament at Lucknow—Meerut—Outbreak of Mutiny—Mutineers flee to Delhi—Insurrection there—Blowing up of the Magazine—Lord Canning—General Anson—General Wilson—Battles on the Hindun—Sir H. Barnard gains the battle of Budlee-ka-Serai—Benares—Col. Neill—Allahabad—Jhansi—Cawnpore—Mutiny and Siege—the Nana Sahib—Attempts to rescue Cawnpore—General Havelock—Surrender of Cawnpore and Massacre—Battles of Futtehpore—Aong—Pandoo-nuddee—Second Massacre of Cawnpore—Battle of Cawnpore—Entry of British into Cawnpore—Havelock crosses the Ganges—Battles of Onao and Busserutgunge—Retreats—Battles of Boorhiya and Bithoor—At Cawnpore again.

THERE never was a Governor-General of India who laid down his high and responsible office after having accomplished so much as Lord Dalhousie. Sated with glory, after having annexed large provinces to the British Empire, and having successively battled with foreign foes, Lord Dalhousie retired from his office covered with renown. The Punjab had been annexed after successful wars. Sattarah, Nagpore, Jhansi and other states had became British by the right of lapse, and, last of all, the great kingdom of Oude had been added to the British dominions at the conclusion of his vice-royalty.

These annexations, however, it would appear, created an uneasy feeling throughout India, and stirred up much disaffection in several quarters against our rule. Some of the annexations were clearly righteous acts of just retribution for abuse of power, and for deeds of oppression; others, again cannot be so easily defended.

The case of the annexation of Oude seems to have belonged to the former class. Sunk in vice and

sensuality, the King of Oude had long abused his high position, and the cries of his subjects could not be left unnoticed. He had again and again been warned that such a state of matters could not be allowed to exist, but he had paid no heed to the warnings of the British Government. Sir J. Kaye thus describes the position of the land as stated in the reports of Col. Sleeman: "The whole presented a revolting picture of the worst type of misrule, of a feebleness worse than despotism, of an apathy more productive of human suffering than the worst forms of tyrannous activity. In the absence of all controlling authority, the strong carried on everywhere a war of extermination against the weak. Powerful families waxing gross on outrage and rapine built forts, collected followers, and pillaged and murdered at discretion, without fear of justice overtaking their crimes. Nay, indeed, the greater the criminal the more sure he was of protection, for he could purchase immunity with his spoil. There was hardly, indeed, an atrocity committed from one end of the country to the other, that was not, directly or indirectly, the result of the profligacy and corruption of the Court.

Such being the state of the country, it was impossible long to resist active interference in its affairs,—it was necessary that the British Government should take upon itself the responsibility of governing it properly. Whether that result might not have been effected in some other way than by the

complete annexation of the province may well be conceded to be a matter which admits of question. But even its annexation was not so unjustifiable and unrighteous an act as has been maintained by some. It produced, however, a deep feeling of dissatisfaction in many native circles throughout India. The spirit of rebellion did not at once manifest itself, but when the fires of mutiny were enkindled, they owed much of their fierceness and violence to the prior fact of the Oude annexation.

The utmost confidence had been long felt in the Sepoy army. On many a field of battle those swarthy soldiers had proved their prowess, their loyalty and devotion to their leaders; and though many circumstances had arisen which tended to deteriorate the Sepoy, and render him less trustworthy than before, still the confidence, which had been shaken by some previous attempts at mutiny, had been more than restored at the time of which we speak; and scarcely any of the European officers who served in the Sepoy regiments dreamed of insurrection and mutiny. It seemed to have quite escaped the memory of these officers that a large proportion of the men of the Sepoy regiments came from the territories of the King of Oude, and that they were peculiarly liable to be affected by whatever disturbed the political arrangements of their own country.

There were many circumstances, also, which tended at this time to promote a feeling of appre-

hension and alarm among the native Hindoos, and more especially among the Sepoys. The necessity which existed that all the native regiments should be available for service in all parts, not only of Hindostan, but even for garrisoning Pegu, across the black water of the Bay of Bengal—a service that was distasteful to the Hindoo,—the onward progress of social reform and of education in India, all these, and many others also, gave strength to the conviction that the days of the old native faiths were numbered; and that the religion of the Christian, as well as the rule of the Christian, was destined soon to be that of the land.

In such a period of excitement in the native mind, —an excitement, however, which was perceived by few, and the importance of which was understood by still fewer,—the question of the greased cartridges awakened the most dreaded fears in the minds of the Sepoys. The old muskets had to be replaced by an issue of improved firearms with rifled barrels, which necessarily required greased cartridges.

Eight miles from Calcutta was the military station of Dum-Dum, which had been turned into a manufactory of small-arm ammunition. The Enfield rifles in England were greased with lard, made from the fat of cows or pigs. Orders were said to have been issued that the cartridges for India should be made up as in England—orders which, if issued, were issued without reflecting on the fact that the Hindoo imagined his caste would be gone, and his

social status among his fellows ruined, if in any way the fat of those animals were to cross his lips. The regulation enjoined also that the ends of the cartridges had to be bitten off in the process of loading, so that the defiling fat must needs touch the soldiers' lips.

One day in January 1857, a low-caste Lascar asked a Brahmin Sepoy to give him a drink of water from his brass vessel. The Sepoy refused, on the ground of his superior caste, which would be broken were he to drink out of the same vessel as a Lascar. The other tauntingly replied that high-caste and low-caste would soon be alike, as cartridges smeared with the fat of cows and hogs were being served out to the army. The latter was not the fact, as the Sepoys training in the musketry school had not then advanced so far as to be required to use the cartridges.

The Brahmin rushed horror-stricken to his comrades and told them the story, which was soon widely spread throughout the native army. The agents of the ex-king of Oude, no doubt, had much to do with the sudden and rapid transmission of this report throughout the land. They had now got something tangible wherewith to stir up the religious animosity of the native soldiers,—something which, in the minds of the natives, would demonstrate to them that the intention of the government was to make them all Christians against their will. The mistake, no doubt, was ultimately rectified, and every care taken to prepare such a grease as would

not do violence to the religious scruples of the native soldiery; but the explanations came too late —suspicions were excited which could not be so soon allayed. The secret political agents of the dispossessed native princes were believed in preference to the proclamations of those in authority. The Sepoys' confidence in the British government was gone.

Everything seemed most opportune for a general insurrection. Never was there a time when there were so few European soldiers in the country. Never did the safety of British India seem to depend more entirely on the fidelity of the native army—and that army was rapidly becoming untrustworthy.

Scarce did a week elapse before the uneasiness felt among the native troops was openly manifested by acts of incendiarism,—the telegraph office in Barrackpore was burned down, nocturnal meetings were soon held in the lines of the Sepoys, and their excited feelings were evidently fanned by designing persons for their own ends.

The efforts of General Hearsey at Barrackpore, and his speeches to the men, kept the troops there for some time from breaking out into insurrection, and many thought that the threatened danger would soon pass off and disappear. On the 25th of February, the first real acts of mutiny were committed by the 19th Regiment at Berhampore. This *émeute* was, however, brought to an end without effu-

sion of blood. In consequence thereof it was resolved to disband the 19th, and for that purpose the regiment was ordered to Barrackpore; but before it arrived there, the first blood had been shed, Mongul Pandy, a Sepoy, having shot down Lieutenant Baugh, the adjutant of the 34th, while the men of the regiment looked on without interference. This was on March 29th. The 19th was disbanded on the 31st, many of the men, however, exhibiting strong signs of contrition. It was, however, but the first of a long series of regiments destined to meet a similar fate.

Meanwhile, however, the spirit of disaffection was spreading everywhere; and in some way a brisk intercourse was kept up among the Sepoys far and wide. Letters were despatched in large numbers to every regiment in the service, and the mysterious flat cakes, or chupatties, circulated at this time through the country, had most probably an intimate connection with the mutiny which afterwards broke out.

In the month of April Dundoo Punt, afterwards well known as the infamous Nana Sahib, the adopted son of the late Peishwah of Bithoor, with his former agent in England, Azim-oollah-Khan, visited Lucknow and Cawnpore. The claim of the Nana Sahib to succeed to the pension paid by the British Government to his adoptive father had not been recognised by the Government; hence, despite of all his seemingly impassive manners, a grudge against

the British rule remained deep seated in his bosom, and, as the sequel shows, he panted for revenge.

Azim-oollah-Khan, his agent and adviser, had been in the Crimea, and had noted the operations there of the allied forces. His sympathies were even then by no means on our side, and he had not improbably held communications with Russian officers. These native gentlemen, the one a Hindoo, the other a Mohammedan, no doubt came to Lucknow at this peculiar crisis to take note of things there, and from thence went on as far as to Delhi. Their manner was so bold and audacious that it did not escape the notice of the authorities, and Sir H. Lawrence and Mr. Gubbins warned Sir H. Wheeler in Cawnpore to be on his guard against them, a warning which unfortunately was not attended to.

Not long after the Nana and his companion had quitted Lucknow, mutiny broke out in the Oude Irregulars, which were stationed there. Whether they had been ensnared by emissaries from the Nana or from others, or whether some of the soldiers from the regiments disbanded near Calcutta had reached Lucknow, and had fanned the embers of sedition there, cannot be known with any degree of certainty; but Sir Henry Lawrence soon discovered that the men of the Irregulars had begun to tamper with the fidelity of other corps. Without any hesitation Sir Henry resolved to disband the regiment. He did so on May 3d, the regiment being taken entirely by surprise, and the other native

regiments, which sympathised with it, being paralysed by the rapidity and method in which the whole matter had been arranged. Lucknow was saved by this measure, and though about a month after the other native regiments there mutinied, there had been time available to fortify the position, and that time of grace had been used to the best possible purpose.

The real outbreak of the mutiny took place on the 10th of May at Meerut. Meerut was one of our great military stations in the North of India. The headquarters of the Bengal Artillery, and troops of all arms, native and European, were assembled there.

It was a Sunday—a day that speaks of peace, but which has often, alas! been a day noted in the annals of warfare,—that this awful insurrection began. The morning service at the Station Church had passed over as usual, save that there were not a few hints given that something strange was about to happen in the native lines. The residents at the station were about to proceed to evening service, when the noise of musketry proclaimed the terrible fact that the native army had revolted. Eighty-five troopers of the Third Native Cavalry had been tried by court-martial about a fortnight previously, for refusing to take the cartridges served out to them, which cartridges had been prepared in such a way as not to do any violence to their religious prejudices. What made their refusal worse was that they had not been asked to bite off the ends of those

cartridges, but had been accorded the permission to tear off the ends with their fingers. The sentence of the court-martial, which consisted of fifteen native officers, of whom six were Mohammedans and nine Hindoos, condemned the delinquents to imprisonment and hard labour. The sentence was confirmed, with some slight commutations, and on May 9th was carried into effect in presence of the whole of the brigade at Meerut. The eighty-five men were stripped of their regimentals, and duly loaded with fetters, and consigned to the great jail. All seemed to have passed off quietly. In presence of the European artillery none of the Sepoy regiments ventured to lift a hand to prevent the degradation of their fellows. The Europeans thought all had gone off well, and that the danger was well-nigh past.

But on the Sabbath evening all was changed. In wild fury the troopers of the Native Cavalry arose and made for the jail, which had been by some blunder left in charge of a detachment from a Sepoy regiment. The Sepoys there fraternised with them, the jail was broken open, the eighty-four condemned prisoners were freed from their shackles and mounted behind their rescuers. Meanwhile, the infantry regiments broke out also into revolt; Colonel Finnis was shot down by his men, and other officers likewise ruthlessly murdered.

The station of Meerut was a large and extensive one, covering an area of some five miles in circum-

ference. Hence the news of the revolt in the one part of the station took some time to reach the other. There were European forces at hand sufficient to have made short work with the mutineers, but, from some cause or other, the military commanders seemed paralysed in their movements; and the European forces, which, if quickly assembled and well directed, could, by reason of their superiority in artillery, have crushed the mutineers, were too late in their movements, and arrived at the scene of action only when the Sepoys had done their bloody work but too effectively, and were making good their retreat to Delhi. Fearful acts of murder had been perpetrated, not only of men but of women and children, and terrible were the perils which many of our poor countrymen and countrywomen underwent that awful night. Suffice it to say that ere mid-day the next day, the Meerut Sepoys entered the great city of the Mogul with exulting shouts proclaiming their deeds done at Meerut, and calling on the native regiments there to unite with them for the overthrow of the English rule in India.

Delhi was already ripe for revolt. Ere the Meerut mutineers came clattering into its streets, the troops in the cantonments on the other side of the city had exhibited signs of disaffection. The regiment which was marched to oppose the mutineers fraternised with the rebels and shot down their own officers. Everywhere there soon was murder and insurrection. In vain brave men held together

hoping for relief from Meerut. The English troops there were never marched to their rescue, and Delhi was soon completely in the hands of the Sepoys, the titular King of Delhi having cast in his lot with the insurgents.

Not, however, before a deed of heroic valour had been performed, namely the blowing up of the great magazine by Lieutenant Willoughby, bravely supported by Lieutenants Raynor and Forrest and some six other European soldiers. They waited till the mutineers had poured in from all sides, and then, at the given signal, the magazine was blown into the air, hundreds of Sepoys perishing in the explosion. Four of the nine gallant men, who had expected to have sacrificed their lives, escaped wounded and bruised, gallant Willoughby to linger on for a couple of months in pain and suffering, and then to die.

"It was not possible," writes Sir. J. W. Kaye, "that by any such explosion as this the immense material resources of the great Delhi magazine should be so destroyed as to be unserviceable to the enemy. The effect of the heroic deed, which has given to these devoted nine a cherished place in history, can never be exactly computed. But the grandeur of the conception is not to be measured by its results. From one end of India to another, it filled men's minds with enthusiastic admiration; and when news reached England that a young Artillery officer named Willoughby had blown up

the Delhi magazine, there was a burst of applause that came from the deep heart of the natives. It was the first of many intrepid acts which have made us proud of our countrymen in India; but its brilliancy has never been eclipsed."

We pass over the atrocities committed by the insurgents when in posesssion of Delhi. The calm judgment of history has pronounced them inferior in atrocity to what was asserted and believed at the time. It was bad enough that Christian men and women should have been massacred in cold blood, but there is no evidence that the latter were dishonoured. The awful massacre of some fifty European Christian prisoners by the sword, some four or five days after the rebels had possessed themselves of the city, will ever indeed, though the details are unknown, form one of the saddest tales in connection great rebellion.

Lord Canning, the Governor-General, had at that time a terrible and crushing responsibility upon his shoulders. And bravely and calmly he faced the danger. His character has long since been cleared from many of the charges so recklessly brought against it at the time. Perhaps under God, the safety of Calcutta and other parts were greatly due to the calm and quiet demeanour which Lord Canning maintained at this time, which seemed to the native mind a sure indication of strength. No means were left untried to secure an increase of European troops. By a most merciful and gracious

providence, whereby God in wrath remembered mercy, the cessation of the Persian war set free a gallant body of British and other troops, and regiments on the way to China were diverted from service in China to the more arduous work which had to be done in Hindoostan. On the 22d of May the first succours arrived in India, the 1st Madras Fusileers commanded by Colonel Neill, whose name became afterwards such a household word in India. These were rapidly followed by others.

The commander-in-chief at this eventful crisis was General Anson. He was at the time at Simláh. He may well be excused for not taking in at once the full extent of the peril. But he issued orders at once for troops to march to Umballah. To collect troops, to provide a siege train for the recapture of Delhi, with the departments all caught unprepared and unprovided for such a juncture, was no easy matter. Sir John Lawrence, the great Punjab commissioner, was for bold and decided measures; General Anson seemed rather to be for delay. General Anson was not long spared to direct military matters. He may well be credited with having done all possible to be done under the circumstances, when on the 27th of May he was carried off by cholera, and Sir Henry Barnard succeeded to the command of the forces which were to operate against Delhi.

The brigade at Meerut commenced its march towards Delhi on the 27th of May, commanded

by Brigadier Archdale Wilson. On the 30th Ghazee-ooddin was reached, situated on the banks of the river Hindun, which, for a certain portion of its course, runs parallel to the Jumna. There the mutineers from Delhi first attempted to give battle to the English. It was a short and sharp engagement. Victory remained on the side of the English, and five cannon were taken. The mutineers fled to Delhi, but, reproached for their failure, they marched back with reinforcements to the Hindun, and a second battle took place on the 31st. Again the Sepoys were beaten; but the English troops exhausted by the heat were unable to improve their victory, and the Sepoys retired baffled, but not in disorder, and carried off their guns and stores into Delhi.

Brigadier Wilson's force was soon reinforced by the force under Sir H. Barnard. The siege train soon came up, and on the 8th June a battle was fought at Budlee-ka-Serai, about six miles distant from Delhi. There the Sepoys were strongly posted with thirty cannon. For some time the contest was a mere artillery struggle, but the order was soon given to charge the guns, and after a desperate struggle they were captured. General Grant fell upon the rear of the rebels with the cavalry and horse artillery. The victory was complete; their guns and amunition were captured, and they were driven back to Delhi in utter confusion. Sir H. Barnard pressed on without delay, and by a rapid

flank movement succeeded in gaining the important ridge which separates Delhi from the cantonments to the north. The Sepoys having been out-manœuvred abandoned that post also, together with their cannon. The loss of the British was one hundred and eighty-five men in killed, wounded, and missing. The rebels had lost more than double that number. The British forces were established on the ridge, the best position possible from which to accomplish the arduous work that lay before them of recapturing the city.

Meanwhile the insurrection was extending in other parts of India. The calmness of Mr. H. Carre Tucker at Benares tended to keep that city for a time in quiet. He was an earnest Christian,—the ground of whose confidence was his trust in his God. And, therefore, he stood firm, sending on the succours which he might have retained for the safety of his own post to other localities, where the need seemed more pressing. He was bravely sustained by the military commander, Brigadier Ponsonby. There were some two thousand Sepoys at the post, on whom no reliance could be placed, and only thirty European artillerymen. Colonel Neill, however, soon arrived from Calcutta, and with the troops he brought with him, scarce exceeding two hundred, it was at last resolved to disarm the native force. It was accordingly effected on June 4th, but by some mismanagement the Sikh regiment was drawn into resistance, and a corps which were most

probably loyal were driven for a time into open mutiny.

Providentially there was one man present in Benares who was able to do us an important service in this hour of need. Sirdar Soorut Singh, a Sikh noble, by his explanations and efforts appeased the anger of the Sikh soldiery, arising from the unfortunate event, so that they yielded up the government treasure. In reward for their fidelity and forbearance Mr. Tucker distributed ten thousand rupees among them. Thus was the military success rendered complete, Benares was saved, and the Sikhs preserved faithful, who afterwards rendered to us the most important services in the suppression of the rebellion.

More serious was the state of affairs at Allahabad. There on the receipt of the news from Benares, the native regiment at that station rose, and fearful was the massacre of the European officers which followed as the sequel. It was at Allahabad that Arthur Cheek, the brave English ensign, with a spirit worthy of the ancient Christian martyrs, exhorted his fellow-prisoner, a poor native catechist who was undergoing severe torture in order to make him apostatise from Christianity, with the noble words, "Oh, my friend, whatever may happen to us, do not deny the Lord Jesus."

Fortunately and most providentially the fort was saved; for, through the bravery of Lieutenant Brasyer, the company of Sepoys in charge of the

fort was disarmed. In consequence of this, though the city of Allahabad rose in rebellion on the 6th of June, and the European residents there were ruthlessly massacred, though the green flag of the Prophet was unfurled, and a leader known as the "Moulavee" established himself in authority, Allahabad, with its strong fort still in British hands, was not yet lost. The fort was then garrisoned by less than two hundred Europeans, only half of them military. Colonel Neill reached the place on the 11th, thoroughly exhausted by his efforts; but on the very next day, "though almost dying from complete exhaustion, he kept up his heart," and commenced offensive operations on the surrounding foe. On the 15th of June he routed the Sepoys, rescued the few English prisoners who were still alive, and among them Arthur Cheek, who was rescued, however, only to die in Christian hands, and on the 18th the whole city, now deserted, was left completely in the hands of the British.

Colonel Neill forthwith began to organise the means for an advance to relieve Cawnpore. For there, too, as well as in many places along the line of the English stations, at Azimgurh, Futtehpore, Juanpore, Nowgong, Jhansi, and others, fearful deeds had been done, the story of which we have not space to relate here in detail. At Jhansi, a massacre took place of some fifty-five Europeans, inclusive of women and children,—a massacre executed, notwithstanding that the solemn oath of the

Ranee and the Sepoys had solemnly pledged, not only that the lives of the Europeans should be spared, but that they should be sent unhurt to another station.

Cawnpore was, however, at the moment the point of deepest anxiety. There Sir H. M. Wheeler, with scarce four hundred and fifty men, many of them mere civilians, with six pieces of cannon, was defending in hastily constructed lines some three hundred and thirty women and children.

For the mutiny had likewise broken out at Cawnpore on the 5th of June. During the latter part of the month of May the Sepoy regiments in that large cantonment had been looked upon with suspicion. But there is little doubt that the old and gallant general who was in command hoped that by care and good treatment the danger might be averted. His European force was considered too weak to disarm the Sepoys, as the native regiments numbered about three thousand men. Small, too, as was the number of European soldiers when the insurrection actually occurred, it was much inferior in strength a little while before. Sir H. M. Wheeler was in daily hopes of receiving reinforcements from Calcutta. Had he occupied the magazine he would have been able, in all probability, ultimately to have stood his ground; but to have displaced the Sepoys which guarded it might have been the signal for an immediate insurrection. Hence he prepared another place of refuge—one much inferior in military strength, to which in the hour of danger

the Europeans might be able to resort. It was, however, a refuge which no one would ever have chosen had a siege been contemplated. It was merely designed to guard against a temporary danger, and for that it was amply sufficient.

The friendship of the Nana Sahib was also relied upon as an important additional element of strength; and the Nana, who was profuse of expressions of friendship, was permitted to send in troops to assure the safety of the Government treasury. It was not known that he was one of the arch-conspirators.

On the 4th the Sepoys broke out in mutiny, and were joined by the troops of the Nana. The treasury was sacked, the jail opened. The English officers were not here cut down by their men. Indeed, some of the Sepoys proved faithful to the last, and fought all through the trying siege by the side of their old masters. But the bulk of the regiments were carried along with the stream, and set out, as others before them to join the mutineers at Delhi.

They were diverted from executing this project by the influence of the Nana. In the hope that he might, with the aid of the mutineers, be able to re-establish the Mahratta rule, the Nana arrested the march towards Delhi, and casting in his lot with the insurgents led them back to Cawnpore.

On the 6th, Sir Hugh Wheeler was informed by letter from the Nana of his treachery, and of the intended assault. From every quarter the English officers, soldiers and civilians, assembled to

defend the feeble earthworks which had been erected. The first onslaught of the foe was victoriously repulsed. But little effectual could be done against the numerous enemies which encircled them. The insurgents had a far more numerous and heavier artillery. The wealth of the Cawnpore Magazine was theirs. While the English defenders were exhausted with constant exertions, their enemies were so many that fresh attacks could always be made with fresh succours. Soldiers and civilians vied together in acts of daring bravery, and the heroic endurance of even the poor women deserves the warmest praise.

After a week's siege the barrack, which was a thatched building, was set on fire by the enemy's shells, and thereby great distress was caused, as the building had been used as the hospital for the entrenchment, and had served as a shelter for the women and children. The sufferings of the besieged were fearfully increased by this conflagration, which consumed all their hospital stores. The mortality therefore increased in their ranks; but, despite their lessened numbers, the enemy never approached the position without being made to feel their rashness. A desperate assault made on the centenary of the battle of Plassy (June 23d), was heroically repulsed; but famine was an enemy which could not be driven away by any brave devotion on the part of the defenders—and famine soon was visibly approaching.

Meanwhile every effort was being made to effect their rescue. Sir H. Lawrence at Lucknow had sent some reinforcements, which had reached Cawnpore ere the siege began. Colonel Neill at Allahabad was making all the preparations necessary for an advance. But the terror caused by the retribution exacted from the rebellious city by that commander, and the outbreak of cholera among the small forces, which with so much labour were being collected at Allahabad, retarded his preparations; so that not till June 30th did the first detachment of the relieving force, composed of about eight hundred men, half of them Europeans, the others for the most part Sikhs, with two cannon, set forth under Major Renaud for the relief of Cawnpore.

On the same day Brigadier-General Havelock arrived at Allahabad to take the chief command. He was a soldier of the first class, and one who, too, had already fought bravely under the banner of the cross of Christ. But, on the 3d of July, tidings came from Sir H. Lawrence that the garrison of Cawnpore had capitulated, and that all, including the women and children, had been mercilessly massacred.

It was but too true. After nobly standing an investment of three weeks, Sir Hugh consented, in the interests, as he thought, of the women and children, to listen to the overtures of the Nana. On the solemn promise that all would receive a safe passage to Allahabad the entrenchments were surrendered, and the sad company marched down to

the river to embark in the boats provided for their reception.

But why repeat here an oft-told tale of misery and of woe? Suffice it to say, that several of those whose age and infirmities obliged them to fall back somewhat in the rear were ruthlessly massacred, and when the others were embarked on board the boats that were provided, at a given signal the boats were deserted by the native boatmen, the thatched roofs of the boats were set on fire, and fire was opened upon the wretched fugitives from the artillery of the mutineers posted on the bank of the river. One boat escaped for a little down the stream. Bravely its occupants, brought to bay by their savage pursuers, turned back, and for a season dispersed them; but even they, after performing prodigies of valour, were overtaken and brought back, save four strong swimmers, who managed at last to escape their pursuers by reaching the territory of a friendly rajah.

Meanwhile the Nana had ordered the massacre to cease, and some one hundred and twenty-five, many terribly wounded, with some eighty, brought back after three days of agonizing suspense on the waters of the Ganges—in all more than two hundred women and children (the men had all been murdered) were cast into the fearful prison-house, the Beebee-ghur. There they were subjected to the treatment of the lowest slaves; but no fouler dishonour seems ever to have been done to them, although such a story was believed at the time.

When General Havelock received the awful intelligence that Cawnpore had indeed fallen, he ordered Major Renaud's column to halt till he himself could be able to bring up a larger force in person. Havelock overtook Renaud on the early morning of July 12th near Futtehpore. It was well that he had come up. The Nana had moved forward in the hope of surprising Renaud ere his supports could arrive, and he thought that he would have had an easy victory. On the other hand, the gallant Renaud, little thinking that the Nana was present with such a large force, was anxious to have had the honour of taking Futtehpore ere Havelock's force should come up. Well was it that a gracious Providence so ordered matters that General Havelock's forces should arrive just in time. The artillery of the British was excellently served under the command of Captain Maude. The fight itself was but a short one. In ten minutes victory inclined to the side of the English; and without any loss of life on their side, as the battle had been fought chiefly with artillery. The rebels were chased from post to post, and in four hours, their force was scattered and eleven cannon taken. More would have been effected had not the Irregular Cavalry proved unfaithful; and on the 14th, that whole corps was dismounted and disarmed. Futtehpore was given up to plunder, and afterwards set on fire.

On the 15th, General Havelock again came in sight of the enemy, and the battle of Aong was

fought. The mutineers were here posted in great strength, but they were defeated, and the road strewn for miles with the baggage and ammunition thrown away in their flight. Again, the want of cavalry to follow up the success was keenly felt. As tidings were brought that the enemy were rallying, and were about to blow up the bridge over the Pandoo-nuddee, Havelock at once marched forward to secure the bridge. A sharp action ensued, but the British artillery again soon drove the rebels from their position, and the bridge was won. Several guns, too, fell into the hands of the victors. The victory was dearly purchased, for the brave Major Renaud was no more. The night that succeeded this victory must ever be accounted as one of the darkest in the annals of the history of India. It was the night on which the miscreant Nana gave orders for the wholesale massacre of the two hundred Christian captives which still remained alive in his hands.

The bloody work done, the Nana determined to make a last stand for the possession of Cawnpore itself. The tidings of the massacre had not reached the English camp, and each soldier's heart beat high as he thought that one more battle was all that would be necessary ere they would have the privilege of delivering their poor captive country-women and children.

The Nana's army was strongly posted, and consisted of some five thousand horse and foot, and

forty-five pieces of artillery. In every part it was vastly superior in strength to the small force which Havelock commanded. The British forces were exhausted by the battles of the previous days, and numbered only one thousand British soldiers, three hundred Sikhs, and a little body of eighteen volunteer cavalry. There was much generalship displayed in the way the mutineers were drawn up, and the victory on this day was gained by Havelock by a display of brilliant generalship on his part. The battle was fiercely contested, and every part of the British force covered itself with honour. The brave eighteen did their work well, and were, on returning with diminished numbers from the brilliant charge they had made, received with enthusiastic cheers by the infantry; while Havelock exclaimed, "Well done, gentlemen volunteers, I am proud to command you."

Such was the battle of the 16th, the first battle of Cawnpore. The British force was at its close utterly exhausted, and rest and reinforcements were necessary ere it could proceed to the relief of Lucknow. Lucknow was beginning to suffer severely from the siege that had begun there after the unfortunate defeat of the British at Chinhut, near Lucknow, which had occurred on the 30th June.

Cawnpore was re-occupied the next day,—the Nana having fled, and his army being dispersed in various directions. When the fact and the extent of the massacre which had taken place became

known to the British soldiers, their rage and grief was intense. A heavy retribution was meted out to all those supposed to have been concerned in it, when Brigadier General Neill arrived a few days later. Havelock soon found it necessary to take energetic measues to prevent plundering and drunkenness among his men. The Bithoor Palace, the residence of the Nana, was destroyed on the 17th. General Neill arrived with two hundred and twenty-seven fresh men on the 20th of July, and all needful arrangements having been made for the defence of Cawnpore, where Neill was left in command of three hundred men, Havelock commenced to cross the Ganges to proceed to the relief of Lucknow. Owing, however, to the small number of boats, &c., the passage was not finally accomplished till the 25th. His force then consisted of about fifteen hundred men, with sixty cavalry, and ten guns.

It was an arduous enterprise to advance with such a small force into Oude, where the rebels were in overwhelming force. But every effort had now to be strained for the relief of Lucknow, especially after the fearful atrocities which had been committed at Cawnpore. On the 28th, the Oude rebels were first met at Onao. They were strongly posted, and notwithstanding the skill with which they handled their cannon, they were defeated with the loss of three hundred men and fifteen guns, which had, however, to be destroyed, as the English general had no means for their transport.

Four or five hours afterwards Havelock on marching forward found a fresh body well posted at Busserutgunge. After a short but severe fight the town was taken, and the guns which had been put in position by the enemy were captured. This was the second occasion on which two victories had been won on the same day. But the force had lost already eighty-eight killed and wounded, and as many sick were on his hands. Hence the General fell back on Mungulwar, and sent to General Neill for the reinforcements, which it was expected that he would have received.

These reinforcements, however, were not to be had, inasmuch as the mutiny at Dinapore had then aggravated the difficulty experienced by the authorities at Calcutta, and had also added to the hosts opposed to the British advance into Oude.

Havelock received a small increase to his force on the 3d of August, and with a force about equal to that with which he had crossed the Ganges he again set forward. On the 4th he fought and won a second victory at Busserutgunge. But he was sorely impeded by the want of cavalry from following up the defeated foe. On a careful consideration of the difficulties of the advance, and the impossibility, were he to advance, of keeping open his communications with Cawnpore, he resolved most unwillingly to retreat again to Mungulwar, where he established communication between the two banks of the river.

The mutineers having now dared to show themselves in his rear, Havelock again marched forward to meet them, and a third action was fought quite close to Busserutgunge, namely at Boorhiya. This was on the 11th August. The enemy were again repulsed with heavy slaughter, and Havelock recrossed the Ganges without molestation and reached Cawnpore, which was seriously threatened by the rebels. A fierce battle was fought on August 16th at Bithoor, where the flower of the mutinous soldiery, though flushed with their successful revolt at Saugor and Fyzabad, were thoroughly routed. From thence Havelock returned once again to Cawnpore. There his effective strength for a march onward was from sickness and the sword found to have been reduced to somewhat less than 700 men.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir C. Campbell's arrival—Approval of Havelock—Noble Conduct of Sir J. Outram—Havelock recrosses the Ganges—Battle of Mungulwar, of the Alumbagh—Action of the Charbagh Bridge—Lucknow relieved—The state of Lucknow—Lucknow strengthened—Rebellion elsewhere—Siege of Delhi—Engagements—Death of Sir H. Barnard—The Punjab—General Nicholson—Battle of Nujufgurh—Storming of Delhi—Sir C. Campbell proceeds to the Relief of Lucknow.

Sir Colin Campbell arrived in India as commander-in-chief on the 13th August. Eight days before his arrival Sir James Outram had been appointed to the military command of the Dinapore and Cawnpore divisions, which placed him at once in the position of General Havelock's chief. Whatever explanations may have been given of this appointment, there is no doubt that the announcement was well calculated to cut Havelock to the quick. The appointment, too, tended to retard the relief of Lucknow.

Sir Colin at once telegraphed his warm approbation of Havelock's actions, and promised speedy reinforcements. The reinforcements, however, were delayed, principally owing to complications arising from the Dinapore mutiny. They did not actually reach Cawnpore till the 15th September, when Sir James Outram joined the relieving force, and with true generosity and nobility of soul, yielded the honour to General Havelock of relieving that city, while he accompanied the force in only his civil

capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oude, and did military service as a volunteer.

The Ganges was crossed on the 19th, fortunately without opposition, and Havelock now in command of two thousand five hundred men, set his face towards Lucknow. An action was fought on the 21st at Mungulwar, when the rebels were driven from a strong position, and thoroughly discomfited.

On the 23d the force reached the Alumbagh, a pleasure garden of the princes of Oude with a large palace and park. The rebels were nearly ten thousand strong at the Alumbagh, but they were defeated with great loss, and five cannon were taken. Sir James Outram at the head of the cavalry pursued the fugitives to the Charbagh Bridge over the canal on the margin of the city. The news of the fall of Delhi on the 14th, which was this day received, stirred up the British soldiers to hearty enthusiasm and to fresh courage in their efforts to release their beleaguered fellow-countrymen.

On the morning of September 25th, Havelock having previously spent some time in prayer, commended his troops to the protection of Almighty God, and gave orders for an advance to the Charbagh Bridge. The reason why the safer route, afterwards followed by Sir C. Campbell, was not chosen on this occasion, was that the heavy rain which had fallen for three days previous had made that route impassable for the light artillery.

The Charbagh Bridge was strongly fortified, and

defended by six guns, and the houses near it were also all loopholed and filled with musketry. The fight was a desperate one, and all the officers and men behaved with the greatest gallantry. The two guns commanded by Captain Maude were unable to silence the six of the enemy, while Sir J. Outram's force was detained longer than was expected. It had been sent through the Charbagh enclosure to seek a spot from whence fire could be advantageously opened on the enemy's artillery which swept the bridge. Recourse was accordingly had to the bayonet, and the bridge was carried with a gallant rush, the gunners were bayonetted, and the guns were taken. Sir J. Outram arrived in sight just in time to witness the gallant charge, and to be able from his personal observation to urge in the strongest terms on General Havelock the duty of recommending his son for the decoration of the Victoria Cross.

After a day of fearful conflict the Residency was gained just at night-fall, and by a gallant charge communication was opened with the besieged. Lucknow was indeed relieved, and with deafening cheers the brave relievers were welcomed within the hard-kept entrenchments. But the losses of the British in this exploit were severe, the gallant General Neill had fallen, and Havelock's son was among the wounded. The losses also on this day were even less than on the succeeding day, when, by an unfortunate mistake as to the road, the convoy of the wounded was brought under the enemy's

fire, and some thirty or forty perished. The total loss of the British in killed, wounded and missing, since the force had crossed the Ganges was five hundred and thirty five.

Noble had been the efforts of the brave defenders of the Residency and the adjoining buildings. It had first been defended by Sir Henry Lawrence. He died during the siege on the 4th of July, from the effects of a wound from an 8-inch shell received three days before. Major Banks succeeded to the leadership of the defence, but he too was killed by a musket ball on the 21st of the same month. After his death Brigadier Inglis assumed the command.

"The garrison of Lucknow," wrote Mr. Gubbins, "originally was 1692 strong. Of these, 927 were Europeans, and 765 natives. We lost, in killed, of Europeans 350, and 133 natives, and of the latter, 230 deserted, making a total loss of 713. There remained of the original garrison, when relieved on the 25th of September by General Havelock, a total number of 979, in which both sick and wounded are included, of whom 577 were Europeans, and 402 natives. We had lost during the siege 41 military and 2 civil officers, and 1 assistant chaplain."

The intention of Sir James Outram, on assuming the command at Lucknow, was as soon as possible to withdraw the entire garrison with the sick and wounded, and the women and children, to the Alumbagh. There the bulk of the stores had been

left, while the troops had nothing with them but what they brought in on their backs. But the severity of the losses sustained in the advance, and the impossibility of procuring carriage from the city, with which all communication was absolutely cut off, made him alter his plans, especially as he found that there was an abundance of grain in store to supply the needs of all the force. Hence he resolved to strengthen the position which he held already, and to await further reinforcements. A further siege or blockade of six weeks had therefore to be endured ere the final relief by the army under the command of Sir Colin Campbell.

We cannot venture to attempt in our rapid sketch to delineate the rise and progress of the mutiny in other places, nor the suppression of the attempts of the rebels in the Punjab. There Sir John Lawrence, Herbert Edwardes, and Generals Cotton and Nicholson, were enabled by their efforts, under Divine providence, not only to keep intact the British Empire, but also to furnish the main portion of the forces which retook Delhi. Many acts of gallantry were performed elsewhere, as for instance the gallant relief of Arrah by Major Vincent Eyre (now Sir V. Eyre) who afterwards was attached to the force of Generals Outram and Havelock and entered Lucknow with the relieving force. But the chief interest up to this time was centred on Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow.

It is necessary to go back a little to sketch the

events connected with the siege and capture of Delhi. After the battle of Budlee-ka-Serai it had been proposed to try to take that city by an assault. But from various reasons the attempt was postponed from time to time. A defeat there would no doubt have been attended with the most serious results, and even had the assault been successful, it was a most hazardous undertaking to advance with only two thousand soldiers into a town held by a large rebel army. The decision of a council of war, which was held to decide the question, was unfavourable.

Meanwhile the enemy were constant in their attacks on the besieging force. Their attacks were, however, repulsed with unvarying success. On the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, two new Sepoy regiments who had revolted at Nusserabad came into Delhi. They brought with them six guns. A vigorous attack was that day made on the rear of the British, but though well sustained it was not successful. Night put a stop to the conflict, which, in consequence thereof, partook too much of the character of a drawn battle. A still fiercer attack was made on the 23d June, the anniversary of the battle of Plassey, from which battle our supremacy in India is generally dated. The enemy had to retire defeated, but the British troops were too much fatigued to follow up the retreating mutineers.

General Neville Chamberlain arrived with rein-

forcements on the next day,—a gallant soldier, whose presence in itself was a great gain to the British cause. But the rebels received a few days later a still heavier reinforcement on their side by the arrival of the four or five regiments which had mutinied at Bareilly. They, too, attempted to make an attack on the British rear, but retreated eventually without coming to close quarters.

On the 5th of July, Sir Henry Barnard, the general commanding the British forces before Delhi, was attacked with cholera, to which he succumbed in a few hours. He was a brave and conscientious general. His place was supplied by General Reed. General Baird Smith had arrived in camp but two days before to direct, as chief engineer, the siege operations, which he found, however, the resources in hands were utterly inadequate properly to carry out.

On the 9th, and again on the 19th, serious assaults were made upon the British lines, and though repulsed with spirit, they told more seriously on the British force, on account of its small numbers, than on the mutineers; although their losses were in point of number much greater than our own. On the 17th, General Reed had to resign from ill health, and Brigadier General Archdale Wilson took the command of the forces.

In spite of the efforts of Sir J. Lawrence the Punjab was not quite free from serious disasters. The most serious events there were the mutinies at Jhelum and Sealkote. The attempts to disarm the

Sepoys in the former place, though finally accomplished, had not been effected without bloodshed; owing to some mismanagement on the part of those to whom it had been entrusted. But at Sealkote affairs were managed still worse; several fearful murders took place, the station was gutted, the prisoners released from the jail, the treasury plundered, and the mutineers made off for Delhi.

They were, however, overtaken by the movable column commanded by the young and gallant Brigadier General Nicholson, who had already distinguished himself by the disarming of the 33rd and 35th native regiments, and afterwards by the disarmament of other regiments. Notwithstanding that the mutineers from Sealkote had got two days start of him, Nicholson managed to mount a considerable portion of his force, and so to overtake the rebels, and by dint of good generalship he was enabled to fall upon them on July 12th, at the Trimmoo Ghaut, as they were about to cross over the river Ravee. Between three and four hundred Sepoys were left killed and wounded on the field. Their baggage, arms, and their ill-gotten spoil all fell into the hands of the British. They were still more severely punished a few days after, and very few of them ever helped to swell the ranks of the insurgents at Delhi.

On the 24th of July Nicholson received orders to March to Delhi to reinforce General Wilson's force. On the 7th of August Nicholson arrived himself at

Delhi, and on the 14th his column was united with the besieging forces. The reinforcement was badly needed. Some twenty-three actions had been fought since the arrival of the British troops before Delhi, entailing a loss of 318 killed and 1,062 wounded, The whole force did not consist of more than 7,260 men, of which one-seventh was in the hospital.

On the 25th of August General Nicholson's column marched out of camp to prevent the mutineers from intercepting the siege-train on its way from Ferozepore. The rebels had detached a strong force consisting of the Neemuch and Bareilly brigades to accomplish that end. A fierce battle was fought at Nujufgurh where Nicholson beat the Sepoys, capturing thirteen guns, and killed eight hundred of the mutineers in the action. It was the most decisive action which had been fought since the battle of Budlee-ka-Serai, and it raised greatly the spirits of the British soldiery.

About ten days later the heavy siege-train arrived, and on the 8th September, fire was opened on the fortifications of the town. On the night of the 13th there were practicable breaches effected in the wall, and on the 14th the assault took place. The Cashmere gate was blown in. This was a most desperate operation, but was performed in a gallant style. General Nicholson fell mortally wounded, after having performed most gallant services. At the close of the day most of the northern part of the town, and the entire of the walls, was in the

possesssion of the British. The loss had been severe, amounting to 1160 killed and wounded. But it was not till the 20th that the whole town was in the hands of the English, and Delhi was again regained. The losses of the enemy were very great, as little quarter was asked or given.

The siege of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow were the two most important events in the history of the Sepoy mutiny. For though the mutiny was not as yet generally suppressed, the mutineers were deprived of the main chances of a successful result when Delhi had been regained, and Lucknow saved from the infuriated soldiery which surrounded the British garrison. There was still much heavy work to be done before India could be said to be regained.

It was with the force with which Sir Colin Campbell advanced to the second relief of Lucknow that the subject of our memoir was engaged, and we must therefore here turn aside from sketching the main history of the Sepoy war, to relate that portion of the operations in which John Lovering Cooke was more particularly engaged. The sketch we have given of the mutiny in general will make it more easy to understand the allusions in the after part of the memoir.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Allahabad—Cooke's First Night on guard—Toils of march—Night Alarms—Arrival at the Alumbagh—Battle before Lucknow—Secunderabagh—Fearful Night after the Battle—Renewed Battle—Outpost Work—Soldier's Dream—Solemn Thoughts—Night Alarm—Lucknow relieved for the Second Time—Withdrawal from Lucknow—Street Fights.

EARLY on the morning of November 4th the detachment of the Royal Artilery to which Cooke was attached left Allahabad with about three hundred men of the 34th regiment of infantry and proceeded by rail about forty miles. An attack by the enemy was expected every minute. One of the railway waggons happened to take fire; and two pistols having been discharged to give the alarm, the engine was stopped, and the men jumped out of the carriages and stood to their arms thinking that they were being attacked by the enemy. The fire was soon extinguished by their efforts, and the train proceeded on its course. It was dark when the train reached its destination, so the soldiers encamped for the night, and lay under arms, with swords fixed. That night Cooke was on guard. It was trying to act as sentry for the first time in an enemy's country, and it is not surprising that he should have felt rather nervous. But no attack was made, and the slumbers of the soldiers were undisturbed by hostile alarms.

On the next morning, the 5th of November, Cooke

made his first day's march on Indian soil. The men marched sixteen miles and encamped for the night on a large plain. On the next night, after a march of fourteen miles, an alarm was caused by the sound of a bugle a little distance from the camp. The men turned out, but as it proceeded only from the post-chaise, they soon returned to their tents, and the night was passed without further disturbance. On the day following they marched sixteen miles, some of the men were knocked up with sore feet; as such a march in India is toilsome work, the men having to proceed often with dust up their ancles, and a blazing sun over their heads. Fortunately plenty of good water was found along their course, which materially alleviated the sufferings of the men.

On the following day the men marched seventeen miles and reached Futtehpore. This march was very severe on the men, many of whom at its close were almost crying with pain from blistered feet. Cooke did not suffer so much as the others, but had to witness the sufferings of his brother in the same detachment. He offered to carry his carbine for him, but the other would not permit it. About five hundred native troops joined the detachment during the day. Their arrival caused a momentary panic to the rear guard, which consisted of thirty men, the rest of the soldiers being miles in advance. Great was their joy to find that the Sepoys who thus came up with them were friends and not foes.

A battle had been fought in Futtehpore about three days before, in which the Sepoys had been severely beaten. The place was burned to the ground, as were all the villages through which this portion of the army had passed on their onward march. Many dead bodies were lying on the ground, and others suspended from trees, where they had met the felon's doom. The country seemed everywhere to be in ruins, and the crops were destroyed on every side.

There was no time for giving the men rest, so on the 7th November they marched fifteen miles further, and on the 10th, after a march of eighteen miles, they entered Cawnpore, the scene of the awful massacre. The theatre was assigned to the detachment as the sleeping place for the night, and some of the soldiers got on the stage, and sang songs and played all manner of games, forgetful of their sore feet and of the stern work which was not far off. Sir Colin Campbell's force was one day's march in advance, and the orders were that the detachment should join as quickly as possible. On the next day they accordingly marched from Cawnpore. Though this day's march was only twelve miles it was most fatiguing, as it took a long time to cross the bridge over the Ganges with the large convoy of provisions for the army. The enemy, too, was hourly expected, and so a sharp look-out had to be maintained. There was indeed an alarm in the night caused by a patrol of mounted police on

duty. On the next day they proceeded still onwards till eleven o'clock, when three hours were allowed for rest and dinner. The soldiers then continued their march, and at length, after a march of thirty six miles, effected their junction at Alumbagh with the main force under the command of Sir Colin Campbell on the evening of November 12th, 1857.

Sir Colin Campbell's encampment at Alumbagh was about five miles from Lucknow. The enemy was then so close that the pickets were constantly exchanging shots with them. Grog was served out to the detachment with biscuit and tea for supper, and the men bivouacked on the ground with their arms. In the morning active operations were to be commenced to relieve Generals Outram and Havelock.

Cooke slept soundly, for he was much fatigued. The bugles sounded at an early hour, and the men had biscuit and tea served out to them. The orders were that each man was to have had three days' rations served out to them. But this was, however, from some cause or another, not actually done. The division then prepared to advance towards Lucknow,—many with anxious hearts, aching heads, and sorer feet. Fighting soon commenced in real earnest in the front, and the army, about five thousand strong, was engaged. Every inch of ground had to be won by sheer fighting, through the woods and thick jungles which sur-

rounded Lucknow. The bridge of boats across the river Goomtee was found to have been destroyed.

The company to which Cooke belonged had not much fighting to do during this day, having had the charge of bringing up the baggage and ammunition. Once, however, they came within range of the enemy's guns, and their round shot came tumbling in amongst their ranks. But the company was soon ordered to retire out of range for that time. In the evening the detachment came round to a place called La Martiniere, when the fight ceased for the day, with the exception of a dropping fire from the outposts on both sides. The infantry and light artillery had the heaviest part of the work on this day, and many poor fellows who saw the sun rise in the morning were laid ere night in a gory grave.

Cooke's company halted under the trees for the night, and the men made a good supper for themselves by roasting a fine deer which they had shot during the day while on their march. Tired and weary as they were, they lay down on the ground and slept till morning. The detachment remained in this position until four o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th, when they received orders to move round opposite to the new palace, and to take up their position with the twelve mortars—to one of which gunner Cooke was attached. At a given signal, about nine o'clock in the evening, they opened fire, and shelled the enemy the whole night.

On the next day (November 16th) the mortars were loaded, and after a hasty meal the artillery moved with the rest of the army to Secunderabagh, where the Sepoys were collected in thousands. The army had to fight its way through brushwood and jungle. A village adjoining Secunderabagh was set on fire, and the soldiers driving the Sepoys before them had to march through the burning village, notwithstanding that the ammunition was exposed to great peril. The enemy kept plying them all the while with a heavy fire of musketry.

Driven to bay at Secunderabagh the Sepoys fought like tigers. The siege guns served by the seamen were brought up, and played upon the walls with manifest effect. A practicable breach was soon effected, and the brave 73d Highlanders charged with three hearty British cheers, and after a terrible struggle the place was carried. The slaughter was very great. Upwards of two thousand of the enemy fell here. It was fearful after the fight was over to see the numerous corpses in all sorts of attitudes,—some lying on the top of others, dead and dying in one fearful pile, while the flames were breaking forth all around them. Some were writhing in agony, the dead bodies of others were swollen out by the fearful heat to a monstrous size. It was dangerous, however, to gaze at the awful scene, for as one man of the 34th was walking along, a wounded Sepoy managed to raise

himself on his elbow, and shot him dead. He was in his turn bayonetted by a Sikh soldier.

There was not, however, much time for gazing on such a scene. The artillery were ordered to the front as fast as possible, as the enemy were gaining ground in that direction. The artillery took up a position with their mortars, and then the great struggle took place. The English army was drawn up within a small space of ground, about four or five acres, and there for seven long hours they fought with a foe which seemed to outnumber them in the proportion of a hundred to one. But as evening drew on the soldiers became wearied of standing still in one place so long; whereupon a desperate charge was made, which decided the fate of the day, and the Sepoys retired defeated into Lucknow, while three hearty cheers were given by the British soldiers.

The day, however glorious, was a very trying one. The artillerymen had to draw their own mortars, as the bullocks became unserviceable through fright, and the artillerymen were exposed to a galling fire of musketry. The men, too, were short of provisions, having been supplied at Alumbagh, through some mistake of the commissariat, with one day's rations instead of three. The only water, too, procurable during the day was from a filthy stagnant pool beside them, but bad as it was, it was most acceptable to their parched throats.

The loss of the Sepoys in the day's engagement

was very heavy, while the loss of the English artillery only amounted to two killed and seven wounded. This was owing to their having fought under the cover of a quarry pit, whereby only the upper part of their bodies was visible to the enemy, and the greater number of their shots passed over their heads. The engagement over for the day, the men received a supply of grog, and were permitted to bivouack on the ground. Many lay down not only tired, but faint for want of food.

Gunner Cooke had no sooner lain down to rest before he was called up to go on guard. It was hard after having been up the whole night previously; but the order had to be obeyed, and the grog had afforded him temporary spirits. His post was in the midst of a wood, and there was a double line of sentries in advance, so his duties were comparatively free from danger. A large bungalow about 70 yards off gave light enough to see the surrounding country for some little space around; but even that light was a source of danger to the outposts, as several sentries in the more advanced posts were shot that night by the Sepoys, who climbed up trees and shot them down by the light of the fire.

During the four hours' sleep with which at last Cooke was permitted to recruit his wearied frame, he had a dream, such as a soldier might be expected to dream under such circumstances. He dreamed of home, and then that at once he was transported

to the field of battle, while the fight was raging in all its fury. But he dreamed that after a long struggle the victory was won, and the British ladies were relieved from their confinement, when one young lady came joyfully up to him and shook hands with him, and expressed her warmest thanks, saying, That had not the troops come she could not have lived much longer.

At this point of his dream he was suddenly awaked. A poor wounded horse came up in pain, and was smelling at the soldier as he lay on the ground. But the poor creature soon fell down exhausted, and when morning came the horse lay dead on the ground. Cooke was soon on his legs again, pacing up and down, and thinking on his dream. The things all around caused many solemn thoughts to rise within his soul. There lay the poor horse groaning and dying, and all around lay dead bodies of Sepoys, with distorted and ghastly features glistening in the red glare of the fire from the burning bungalow. Thoughts on the state of the departed souls, and on the solemn duty he had been engaged on the night before came rushing into his mind. That work had been the burial of his two comrades of the artillery who had fallen in the fight, and who had been buried under a tree close by, in a grave dug with their comrades' swords. He had seen, too, forty of the poor Highlanders stretched lifeless, and laid out one after the other on the ground covered with blood and gore. Ah, thought he, why am I

spared, and all those fine fellows cut down? The thought overpowered him, and kneeling on the ground, under the influence of such thoughts, he prayed earnestly that God would spare him for the future.

But he was roused from such contemplations and prayers by the alarm, "Stand to your arms." The alarm was repeated, and passed from one to the other, and all stood with arms ready for action, looking into the terrible darkness before them, from whence they expected the danger to come. It was no false alarm this time; danger was near. The Sepoys had endeavoured to creep on the sentinels, crawling on like jackals. They were discovered just in time, and a well-directed volley from the out-posts drove them back in confusion.

On the morning of the 17th November, the mortars were put on carts and moved to a fresh position behind some walls of a burnt village, from whence a continual fire was kept up during the whole day till three o'clock in the afternoon. The fire was responded to vigorously by the Sepoys, but as the British artillery was well under cover, the fire of the Sepoys did but little damage.

While the army under Sir Colin Campbell was thus advancing, pressing onwards to the relief of the beleaguered Residency, the forces under Sir James Outram and Sir H. Havelock were equally active in operating against the enemy from the Residency itself. After strenuous exertions on both sides,

the Mohtee-muhal was a little after three in the afternoon carried by a charge, and the second Relief of Lucknow was accomplished, while the air was rent with the hearty cheers of the British forces on both sides.

A considerable part of Lucknow remained still in the power of the rebels. Sir Colin Campbell judged it, however, more prudent to withdraw, inasmuch as his force was deficient in infantry, and had insufficient ammunition for any lengthened operations. Meanwhile, while the women and children, the sick and wounded, were being removed, it was necessary to hold the ground which had been won. The company of Royal Artillery to which Cooke belonged was accordingly divided into three parts, each company provided with four mortars, and supported by infantry to cover them.

Cooke's party was twenty in number under the command of a lieutenant. They took up a position beside a village commanding the new Palace or Kaiser-bagh. To reach this position, the troops had to pass through a narrow street where the musket-balls were flying in all directions, and which was so thickly strewn with the corpses of the Sepoys, that the wheels of the guns had to go over them, while the stench which arose from the decomposing corpses was perfectly awful. The company were located in a closed yard, with a small bungalow in the centre. There were two gates, one on each side, and walls about six feet high all

round. Here the company took up their position, behind the bungalow, so that they might throw their shells over it among the enemy. The whole of the little force consisted of twenty men of the Royal Artillery under the command of this lieutenant, a captain and seven men of the Bengal artillery with a nine-pounder field gun, and about fifty infantry. This force kept the place for five or six days against some five thousand Sepoys. The Sepoys made many attempts to drive out this party, but they were always so warmly received that they had to retreat in disorder. When the Sepoys came up, the English would open the gate, run out the gun and give them a few rounds of cannister, which always had the effect, as Cooke narrates, of making them scamper back like sheep dogs. In this place Cooke had a very narrow escape of being shot by a musket ball which passed between his arm and body as he was in a stooping position.

In this post the company remained for five or six days, during which Sir Colin Campbell made all the necessary dispositions for carrying out his plan of evacuating Lucknow. He kept, however, the rebels there in check by leaving a strong moveable force outside the walls at Alumbagh, under the command of Sir J. Outram. Orders were then issued that the detachment to which Cooke belonged, should quietly retire on the 25th November to Dilkoosha. The orders were very welcome to the men, inasmuch as all their baggage was at Dil-

koosha, and it was a great treat after having been fourteen days without undressing, and nine days without a bed, to be able to sleep again in their camp-beds, and to be able to change their linen, and to bathe in the river.

CHAPTER VI.

Death of Sir H. Havelock—Cooke attached to the field force operating towards Cawnpore—Battle of Cawnpore—Enemy driven out of Cawnpore—Cooke in Hospital—Dissatisfaction in the company—Cooke sent to Prison—Three Months Hard Labour—March towards Lucknow—Siege begun—Cooke employed as a Scavenger—Final Capture of Lucknow by British—Plunder of Lucknow—Defeat of Rebels—Sir C. Campbell divides his Forces—General Grant's Division—General Grant's Pursuit of the Mutineers—Return to Lucknow—Cooke again a free man—General Grant starts again in pursuit—Action with Rebels—A Night Alarm—Return to Lucknow—Quartered in the Palace—Cooke's description of Lucknow.

On the 26th of November the combined British force marched back to the Alumbagh. Sir H. Havelock, whose bodily frame had been weakened by the exertions he had made, and by the privations he had endured, succumbed on the 24th to an attack of cholera, and was consigned to a lonely tomb at Alumbagh, amid the lamentations of the whole army, part of which he had so often, and so gallantly, led to victory.

The intelligence of the attack of Cawnpore by the Gwalior contingent, and the disaster which had there occurred to the British arms, reached the army on November 27th. Sir Colin Campbell at once directed the march of his forces on Cawnpore, leaving a considerable force at Alumbagh under the command of Sir James Outram to overawe the mutineers at Lucknow. Gunner Cooke was attached to that part of the forces which were detailed for service in the direction of Cawnpore. On the 27th November, accordingly, his detachment marched twelve miles; and on the day following, after a

march of thirty-four miles, the troops arrived within two miles of Cawnpore. It was then eleven o'clock at night, and there were no rations served out; the supplies having run short. Grog was, however, supplied to the men, and they bivouacked for the night where they were, and, wearied, soon slept soundly, though the thunder of cannon from Cawnpore reminded them that there was tough work to be done on the morrow. At two o'clock the men were again under arms, and, after having partaken of another ration of grog for breakfast, they started on their way.

Cooke was sent with twenty more artillerymen into the fort to man the guns, and keep up a constant fire upon the enemy, while the army was to attempt the crossing of the bridge. The rest of his company brought up their heavy guns to the edge of the river, on the right of the bridge, and soon got into action. The attention of the Sepoys was fully occupied with the fire from the fort and the river, and they were unable accordingly to do anything effectual to prevent the passage of the British forces across the bridge. The troops having effected the passage of the river, Cooke was sent with other gunners, under command of an officer, to man two guns posted on the banks of the canal, from whence a heavy and constant fire was kept up on the enemy till the night of December 5th, when the men rejoined their company.

At this juncture our gunner was taken sick of

fever, and sent, sorely against his will, into hospital. There he remained also on the 6th very sick, and without medicines of any kind, or anything to eat. A severe battle was fought that day. The enemy was driven completely out of the town, followed up hard by the British cavalry and the light artillery, who destroyed a great number of them, and took their guns and stores.

On the 7th December Cooke was removed to the general hospital, and his company went into tents about three hundred yards distant from it, where they were permitted to rest for some time. Cooke soon got better of the fever, but dysentery then set in, and he was one month confined to hospital. There he spent his Christmas, partaking of milk and rice for his Christmas dinner. He was discharged from hospital on the 4th of January 1858, while two comrades, who had been brought in a little after he had been there, died. The Lord was very gracious to him, although he had not as yet learned to love and fear Him.

On the 27th of January much dissatisfaction was created in the company on account of the frequent drill imposed upon the men by their officers, which was generally thought to be without orders. On the next day Cooke, who was naturally of a quick temper, incited thereto by his comrades, demanded in an insolent tone the reason of these frequent drills. He was seconded by some three others of the disaffected men. The result was, that all three were

committed to prison. On the 29th he was brought before the commanding officer, who seems to have been disposed to act leniently in the matter. But Cooke's temper again got the better of him, and for his insolence he was ordered to be reserved for trial by a garrison court martial. The trial took place on the 4th of February, and as his character had been uniformly good for a long time, he thought he would have escaped with a slight punishment. But in this he was mistaken, as his offence was looked on as akin to mutiny.

On the 10th of February the troops again marched for Lucknow to undertake the final reduction of that stronghold of the mutineers. Cooke accompanied them as a prisoner. On the second day of the march his sentence was read out at parade, and he found himself condemned to three calendar months' hard labour. The troops proceeded towards Lucknow, and encamped at Oonao, where the detachment remained till the 2d of March. Here he had drill for eight hours a day, and other work, which he found very hard to do. On the 2d of March the troops recommenced their onward march, and halted some twelve miles from Lucknow. After a halt during the day time on the 3d, they resumed their march at night time, and continued the whole night through to advance by a very rough road, reaching Dilkoosha again in the morning, where the camp was pitched. Some men of Cooke's company were sent to work in the trenches that evening, March 4th;

and the siege of Lucknow was duly begun. A constant fire of artillery was kept up until the 8th, when the college was taken by a charge of infantry, and the enemy were driven back into the town. The British troops followed up their success; and the roar of cannon and the din of musketry continued day after day.

In these operations our gunner was not engaged. He was still a prisoner, and forced to do the work of a scavenger in the camp. The task of burying the dead camels and bullocks fell to his share. But he had some three or four hours in the day time free from such disagreeable toils, during which he was wont to watch the shells as they flew through the air. Though out of danger for the moment, he had all the strong feelings of a soldier, and used heartily to lament his folly, and longed to be permitted to be in the midst of the fray with his comrades.

On the 15th March the British troops had penetrated deeply into the town, driving the mutineers before them; and many soldiers returned to their quarters laden with spoil, such as silks, satins, and lace, carrying, many of them, parrots and other fancy birds. Others brought away lumps of gold, rings, and jewels, the loot of the bazaars and houses, and most came back well supplied with rupees and other silver. It was vexing to the prisoner to see all this, while he had no share in the spoil. But his rations were good, plenty of fresh bread and meat, so withal he was tolerably contented with his lot.

On the 16th the British troops took the new palace, which was the strongest part of the town. Chairs of gold, and statues of men and elephants, and many other things of gold, were found in it. The infantry especially seemed glutted with plunder. But most of the men made very little use of their quickly acquired wealth. While Cooke could write that some of his own company had made £50 or £60, he also had to tell the sad story of demoralisation which made many of the men give five rupees, or ten shillings, for a little grog. The town was finally cleared of the enemy on the 17th, and passed entirely into British hands. Thousands of the Sepoys were killed. The cavalry and horse artillery followed up the fugitive rebels, and on the 21st overtook them, routing them again with a loss to them of some two thousand. Seventeen pieces of cannon, and all the cattle, together with the camp of the rebels, fell into the hands of the victors.

On the 27th of March the troops crossed the river Goomtee, and remained encamped in its neighbourhood for two or three days. Sir Colin Campbell now divided his forces into several small divisions, with the view of scouring the country in different directions. The larger part of the company of artillery to which Cooke belonged were attached to General Grant's division, and proceeded to the Sepoy cantonments about five miles from Lucknow. Here the brigade was formed. The guns belonging to the battery were two long 18-pounders, two

8-inch howitzers, and two 8-inch mortars, with two 5½-inch mortars. The battery was provided with these different kinds of ordnance, so as to be able to meet the various circumstances under which it might be called into action. The remainder of the division consisted of two batteries of field artillery, the second battalion of rifles, the 90th regiment, a number of Punjab infantry, and about two thousand cavalry.

On the 11th of April the division started in search of the rebels, marching usually twelve to fourteen miles a day, and resting one day in every five. On the 13th the force came up with the enemy early in the morning, and fired a few shots at them. But they would not give battle, but continued to retreat. The troops followed them up during the day, and took from them a large quantity of amunition, and a cart with two bullocks. They retired across a river, and the British troops encamped for the night in a deserted village, which the Sepoys had occupied the night before. Here there was found a great quantity of forage, such as grass and straw, abandoned by the Sepoys in their hurried flight. During the march on the following day the mutineers were sighted hovering on the flanks of the force. But they kept out of reach of the guns. During several days march nothing of importance occurred beyond destroying here and there places where munitions of war were found concealed. On the 27th the division returned again to Dilkoosha

for supplies. Having obtained supplies, General Grant marched through Lucknow, and halted for the night on Alumbagh plain. The next day they marched on the road towards Cawnpore. Hearing that the enemy were in force in the neighbourhood he halted his troops on the 2nd of May, to prepare for their reception. Some two hundred Sepoys surrendered themselves prisoners, tired, as they said, of life. The sun was fearfully hot, and several cases of sun-stroke occurred. On the 4th of May Cooke's term of sentence expired, and he was once more a free soldier.

On the 9th word was brought by spies that the enemy was lying in an old encampment formerly occupied by the troops, and then in their rear. Orders were accordingly given to retrace their steps, and after marching all night the spot was reached on the morning of the 12th. The rebels were then ascertained to be only four miles off. The General, having left the camp with the sick and wounded in charge of about three hundred men, started off at two P.M. to meet the foe. The heat was awful, and numbers of the men were prostrated by sunstroke during this march. But although the rebels were in great force they did not make a stand, but retreated, followed up for two miles by the British. Suddenly, however, the road was crossed by a deep gulf, which the guns could not cross. The troops having halted the rebels took advantage of the position and surrounded them on all sides, and fell on the sick and the baggage

in the rear. Some little damage was done by them, but the advantage remained with the English, who captured two guns. The Punjabees set a Sepoy hospital on fire, and it was said that three hundred Sepoys were burnt in it. Whether this was done by accident or design was not known. Darkness having come on, the troops were drawn up by the General in a kind of square for the night,—the cavalry and light artillery being posted on the outside with supports of infantry. The heavy artillery was placed in the four corners, one gun in each corner, covered with fifty infantry to each gun. Thus, having partaken of grog, which was served out to all, the troops lay down under arms.

Cooke, however, ventured to take off his arms, and laid down with them by his side. In common with his comrades, he was nearly worn out with fatigue, as they had only three or four hours rest on the previous night, and had been in the interval marching and fighting all the time. The men were soon buried in slumber, as the desire of sleep was a more powerful feeling at that time than hunger, in the case of the greater number. The measured tread of the sentries, and now and then the neighing of a horse, or the lowing of an ox, were all the sounds that were soon heard at the bivouack.

Suddenly an alarm was given of the approach of the enemy. The bullock-drivers set up a terrible cry of distress and alarm, and came rushing pell mell into the lines. The soldiers aroused from sleep,

awoke in a fright, and, as the night was very dark, seeing the blacks running towards them, thought the enemy was close at hand, and hearing the cries on every side, thought they were surrounded. So half asleep as they were, and alarmed, they set up a similar cry in return, and in their fright began to knock down the coolies who fled to them for succour, till there was utter confusion and a regular hand-to-hand fight on all sides. Many were hurt and badly wounded. Some shots were fired, and one of the coolies or bullock-drivers was shot dead. A British captain was also shot in the melee through the thigh by his own revolver.

Cooke was lying on the ground and was not quite fast asleep. He started up and stood to his gun, for such were the orders in case of any alarm. But he suddenly discovered that his small arms were not by his side. He ran at once back to get them to the place where he had lain down. Just at that moment some one seized him by the coat. He did not stop, however, until he had regained his arms, and then turning round found it was a comrade who had seized him. Right glad was he to find who it was, as he had fancied that it was some Sepoy. The alarm proved ultimately to have been a false one. The bullock-drivers had been scared by some loose horses which rushed in among them, and hence the whole confusion. Quiet was soon restored, and the rest of the night was peaceful.

The troops retreated in the morning back to their

camp, as the General was afraid to leave it longer to be guarded by such a small force as he had left behind. Many men died through the effect of the fatigue endured in this march, and some from sunstroke, so that for several days twenty or thirty soldiers died daily. The troops returned to Dilkoosha camp on the 19th of May.

General Grant, having obtained fresh troops, marched again from Dilkoosha to a place some five miles distant, where the bulk of the force were encamped for a few days under the trees. The men here enjoyed themselves highly, while the General himself, with a portion of the fresh troops, scoured the surrounding country in search of rebels. None, however, were to be found, and so after some days the troops were marched back to Lucknow, as it would have been impossible to transport the heavy guns after the rains had set in. Cooke and his comrades went into quarters in the new palace on the 12th June.

He had now time to inspect at leisure the interior of that city, and the following is the description he gives of it:—

"Had I not seen it myself and known it to be the fact that we had taken it from so strong and numerous an enemy, I should never have believed it. I never saw so strong a place in my life. It was full of fortifications and strongholds. Such beautiful buildings are not to be seen elsewhere, and every street and house was loop-holed. It

seemed impossible for English, or any other troops to have taken such a place. Surely God hath fought for England. The city was nothing but one mass of batteries, everywhere loop-holed, from a pig-stye to a palace. The position of our troops was pointed out to me, and the ground where their several charges were made. The buildings are most of them greatly damaged by our shot and shell, and the walls covered with the marks of musket balls, showing plainly the desperate struggle that had taken place. A great many houses were altogether destroyed or burnt. Many of the enemy were buried in the ruins, for the soldiers in their fury spared but few of the Sepoys who came in their way. At the time I marched through it after the fall, the stench was suffocating, and dead bodies were lying in heaps in the ditches just covered over slightly with earth. Afterwards, when I was located in the outskirts of the town, many dead bodies of the enemy lay about unburied in the villages and jungles, and dead camels and bullocks were to be found in every direction."

CHAPTER VII.

Cooke Located in a Palace—Sickness among the Troops—Seeking after God—Description of the Palace—Renewed attacks of Fever—Recovery—Is again attached to General Grant's Division — Fyzabad — Difficulties of march — Sultanpore —Actions there — Further pursuit of Mutineers — Cooke again takes sick — The Queen's Proclamation — Return to Lucknow—Quartered at Dilkoosha—Sickness of Soldiery.

To be located in the palace in Lucknow was an agreeable change after all the toils and inconveniences met with during the pursuit of the mutineers. Yet many men were taken ill, owing to the sudden change in their mode of living. Within twenty-four hours eight men were sent into hospital, and one of these died. The company had lost in all up to this time fifteen men, of whom only two had fallen in action, the rest having succumbed to fatigue and disease. Cooke's health was tolerably good at this time, and strong desires after the things of God were beginning again to revive in his soul. He thus wrote of himself, with reference to the various cases of sudden death he saw around him :—

"These deaths, I trust, have been a warning to me, and have brought me to consider many things. First, I have been led to pray to God for protection from these diseases and death, and have been led to ask for His grace to prepare me for death, if death is in store for me. The Lord has hitherto answered my prayers, and I trust by the influence of His Holy

Spirit that I will yet be brought to the foot of my Saviour's cross, there to receive full forgiveness and remission from my numerous sins. It is very hard to overcome the temptations, snares and difficulties of a soldier's life. But I have read of good soldiers, and I hope through Jesus Christ to become like one of them. I see no reason if one can become a good soldier of Jesus Christ that others cannot also become such. Jesus does not pick his men, but invites all to come unto Him. Therefore, by the grace of God, I will try and run the race set before me, and if I run aright, I shall obtain through grace the crown of life."

The palace in which Cooke was now quartered consisted of a large range of high buildings, with a square in the centre, in which was a beautiful garden, with various walks and avenues provided with marble seats placed at convenient distances from each other. The avenues were formed with vines planted on each side of the walk, and entwined overhead with one another, and supported by a wooden trellis-work. Here one could walk completely screened from the heat of the mid-day sun. But at the time that the British soldiers were quartered there, the vines were in a dying state from neglect and want of water. The palace itself was very fine, ornamented with gilded domes, and the gates and doors were sheeted over with copper. There were spacious walks along the roof of the building, along which

there was much ornamentation. The inside of the palace was adorned with rich carvings of flowers, and ornaments of various shapes, all in cedar. Most of the furniture had been carried off or destroyed. But there were plenty of old boxes, as also of chairs and tables, some of curious workmanship, which were used by the soldiers. The men had here little to do. Mounting guard twice a week, a battery parade in the morning, and a short parade in the evening, comprised all the duties of the day.

On the 21st of June Cooke was again prostrated with fever, and remained in hospital for seven days. A great deal of sickness prevailed at this time among the troops. The thermometer was as high as ninety degrees, even in the hospital, where the punkahs were kept going all the day. Cooke was again sent to hospital on July 4th, and, after partial recovery from fever, was attacked with an affection of the chest, and palpitation of the heart. On the 7th he was, however, able to write the following entry in his diary: "This is a very sickly country. I hope the Lord will have mercy on us all, and give us his Holy Spirit, and enable us to walk uprightly, and to teach us to fear and love Him who holds our lives in His hand. May He fit and prepare us to meet Him when He shall call us hence to be no more."

Cooke continued very ill for a fortnight, after which he got better, the weather having become cooler. On the 19th the company marched from Lucknow with some other troops for service at

Fyzabad. The troops were again under the command of General Hope Grant. Much rain fell, and the cannon were got along with considerable difficulty. The sun was so hot at times that many men were knocked down with sun stroke. On the 28th July the force heard in the morning the sound of heavy guns firing, but on arrival at Fyzabad the next day, they found that the enemy had fled across the river. Several Sepoys straggling behind the main force were taken prisoners.

The rebels continued to hover about at a little distance from Fyzabad. A great many were taken prisoners. The report which was current among the British soldiers was, that the rebels had sent word to say that they would not fight the Europeans any more, but that they would harass them and weary them out by continued skirmishes.

The men had expected to be permitted to remain here for some time. But General Grant was intent upon giving the mutineers no rest. Accordingly, on the 18th of August the forces began their march to Sultanpore, where the enemy were collected in strong force in a fort. The troops marched at this time only ten miles a day. The roads were so heavy after the rain, that it was hard work, starting at three o'clock in the morning and marching till two in the afternoon, to accomplish even that number of miles. The cannon were often sunk up to their axle-trees in mud, and thus numerous delays were occasioned.

However, on the 21st the forces arrived within ten miles of Sultanpore, and could hear plainly the report of the distant artillery.

On the 22d August the British forces marched into Sultanpore, and took up their positions. The artillery saluted the enemy across the river, where the rebels were posted in great force. General Grant's army was posted in a bend of the river, which here makes a circuit like a horse shoe, and the rebels on the opposite side were almost on all sides of them. There was heavy firing on both sides during the 22d, 23d, and 24th. On the 25th part of General Grant's forces, fifteen hundred strong, crossed the river, and charged a village on the other side. The rebels fled into the woods. During the night, however, they greatly harassed the British division which had crossed over. The Sepoys were supposed to be 15,000 strong. Under the protecting fire of the heavy artillery, however, the assailing force held their ground. The next morning the Rifles crossed the river, and General Grant's army was posted on the other bank. The Sepoys came up on the 27th in great numbers, showing a formidable front, as if they were going to annihilate the small band of their pursuers. They came on steadily to within eight hundred yards of the British forces, and fired a volley. Two or three rounds of shrapnell from the guns sent them back to their positions in the woods. The next day they attacked again the British lines, but suffered so

severely from the artillery fire, that on the morning of the 29th, when General Grant advanced to drive them from their position in the woods, they were found to have decamped. General Grant pursued them with a part of his forces, but did not come up with them.

The artillery were not able to cross the river from want of a bridge, but the cavalry scoured the country for some miles round. The mutineers had got enough for the time, and though they hung about the locality, being able to move much more rapidly than the British forces, they did not venture to come to close quarters, and ultimately seemed to have retired from the district. On the 11th September General Grant again got scent of their locality, and the forces marched from Sultanpore to Jugdispore, where they expected to find the rebels. The detachment arrived, however, a day too late, as another British force had inflicted on them a severe defeat, and were still pursuing them. General Grant's forces returned to Sultanpore on the 23d, and found that the detachment which had been left behind to keep that post had had a skirmish with the enemy in their absence, and had captured two pieces of cannon, sixteen horses, and some elephants and camels.

On the 26th the brigade crossed the Goomtee, the bridge being finished. Cooke was left behind sick in hospital, so that he did not share further for a time in the following up of the mutineers. On the 1st of November the Queen's proclamation was

read, first to the troops, and then to the natives, in which the Queen assumed the direct government of India in room of the old East India Company.

On the 20th of March Cooke's company returned to Lucknow. Here they were quartered some time, but much sickness prevailing among the men, it was deemed advisable to send the troops into camp at Dilkoosha for the benefit of their health. The move seems to have been a mistake, as the rainy season was at hand, and on June 24th, the first night the men went into tents, torrents of rain fell, and the men were drenched. The result was an increase of sickness and mortality, which was not put a stop to until the soldiers were quartered in bungalows, which were erected expressly for the convenience of the army.

CHAPTER VIII.

Religious Impressions—Visited in Hospital by Baptist Missionary—Visits a comrade in Hospital—Falls again into sin—Arrival of American Methodist Missionaries in Lucknow—Meeting for Soldiers—Cooke speaks at the Class-Meeting—Impression produced on his comrades—"He prayeth"—Sermon on Isaiah xliv. 22—Struggles of Soul—Prayer of Mrs. Butler—The Burden removed—The Chamber of Peace—Tells his comrades—Doubts again—Retrospect of the Year—Misery arising from the Sins of Youth.

It has already been seen, that on many occasions Cooke had been the subject of serious impressions on religion. These convictions, however, had not yet ripened into actual conversion. A tract which he had received when going up the Ganges, on his first arrival in India, contained words which often made him tremble. The words were those contained in Prov. xxix. 1, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." How often, thought he, have I been reproved, and I have yet hardened myself against the reproof. Surely this sentence must one day be executed against me, and, perhaps on some field of battle, I too shall be cut off. These things created in him a great fear of the wrath to come, and awakened anxious desires to flee from it. But though these feelings occasionally had good effects, and never wholly left his mind, yet it was only a slavish fear of God which then possessed his soul, not that fear and holy reverence which springs from a knowledge of God's love in Christ Jesus.

As he drew near to the time when he had to face the foe, his fears greatly increased, though during the excitement of the battle they would often leave him. They would then return with double force, and sometimes withal a feeling of confidence in God would spring up in his mind, and a sort of impression that God would spare and protect him. The solemn thoughts that forced themselves in upon his mind after the bloody day at Secundera-bagh have already been related, and when he lay afterwards sick in hospital at Cawnpore and saw his comrades passing daily into eternity, feelings of thankfulness to God for having spared him filled for a time his breast. He was twice visited when in hospital there by a Baptist missionary, whose visits he received with gratitude, and who spoke to him concerning the things that concerned his eternal peace. But restored health and active operations soon chilled the ardour of his earnestness about his soul.

In Sultanpore, Cooke seems to have adopted habits of daily prayer. He was more earnest in seeking after God. Several of the soldiers were attacked with dysentery and died, and Cooke himself had a slight attack which made him to consider his latter end. He was led too, from feelings of pity, to visit a comrade in the hospital, and read to him out of a comment on the collects of the Church of England. The thought of dying unconverted at this time overpowered him, and he felt terribly afraid

lest such should be his fate, as he felt unfit to die. So he betook himself to his knees, and prayed with tears for mercy and for grace. He sometimes, in such seasons, felt calm after prayer, and determined to belong to Christ. But, when the danger of dying by disease passed away, and the cooler and more healthy weather came, his afflictions were soon forgotten, and God's mercy was no longer sought for with eagerness. So he plunged into sin, nearly as deeply as before, and indeed committed sins which he had not been guilty of heretofore. These sins became a terrible snare to him, and by their entangling nature caused him many grievous falls, and many an aching heart.

When he returned to Lucknow, as mentioned in the close of our last chapter, he was, to use his own expression, still drinking in sin, as an ox drinketh in water. But God mercifully interposed His Almighty arm, and said, "Hitherto shalt thou go and no further." Cooke was told one day unexpectedly that a missionary had arrived in Lucknow. This awakened anew in his mind desires after the salvation of his soul. Something seemed to say within him, "You have often longed for some one to help you and direct you to the Saviour. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Full of joy, he inquired where the missionary lived, and inwardly resolved from that time forward, in the strength of the Lord, to be a Christian.

It was on the 14th March 1859, that in company

with many other soldiers, Cooke went to the missionaries. They were Methodist missionaries from the United States. The head of the mission party was Rev. Dr. Butler. Some soldiers went just for amusement's sake, "for a lark" as they termed it, others went with better and holier thoughts. The meeting took place in a little chapel which the missionaries had constructed for their use, and it was on a Thursday night, which was the night for their class-meeting. After singing and prayer, one of the missionaries spoke, and then another. The missionaries then asked if any one of the congregation wished to speak and open their mind. Cooke's heart was full of emotion, and he longed to tell that he wanted to become a Christian. An inward struggle was taking place in his soul. On the one hand, his sin-burdened soul wanted to be free, on the other, fear and shame kept him back. He thought he should be called a fool by his comrades, for being thus troubled on account of sin. The little chapel was nearly full, and many soldiers were there avowedly for amusement's sake. But at last his desires got the better of his fears, he stood up before all, and in as good language as he could at the moment command, he told the struggles of his poor soul. His fears seemed for the moment to vanish, and he felt greatly relieved. The missionary spoke kindly and comfortably to him, and gave him some necessary advice and in-

...on.

...rned home from this meeting in some fear,

expecting to be forthwith made a laughing-stock by all his comrades. His mind was however made up, and he had resolved in God's strength to lead for the future a new life, and not to give heed to the mockery of his companions. What was his surprise to find that some of the very men, whom he had expected to laugh at him, came forward and commended him for what he had done, and told him that they were almost themselves persuaded to speak out, and that they had been ashamed because there were so many in the chapel, and yet that none of them had dared to speak their minds. This gave Cooke great encouragement, and for the first time he knelt that night in prayer at his bedside. He had, in former times, gone out somewhere else when he was desirous of praying. It cost him no little effort thus to confess Christ before his comrades, apart from all the excitements of the singing and addresses he had heard in the chapel. But he did not feel at peace with God, his heart was heavy, and he was unhappy and miserable.

The next Sunday evening, when there was English service at the chapel, Cooke went thither to hear with a heavy heart, feeling like a poor criminal going to listen to his sentence of death. The preacher took his text from Isaiah xliv. 22, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." These words sounded like music in Cooke's ears. The preacher went on to show that Christ

had accomplished a full redemption for the poor sinner, and that the latter had nothing to do but to come with all his sins to Jesus, who would freely pardon and forgive. Surely, thought Cooke, "this is very plain, and quite suited to my case. Verily I believe this is the gospel." But what still troubled him was, that the burden seemed to lie as heavy as ever on his heart, and he did not feel as if his sins were indeed taken away.

He went home that night turning over in his mind the words of the text, but still he did not feel at peace with God. On the following Tuesday he went again with a heavy heart to the prayer meeting, and that night God gave him the blessed assurance of pardon which he so desired. Mrs. Butler, the wife of the missionary, was pleading with God in prayer while the tears were streaming down Cooke's cheeks, and he felt softened as he called to mind how his own mother had in bye-gone days prayed earnestly to God to convert her son. The same minister who had preached on the Sunday, gave a few words of exhortation, and pressed home with fresh power the text on which he had preached the Sunday previous. He pointed out simply that no one had any cause to fear, who would simply believe the word of God, and accept the Saviour as set forth in these words.

Cooke left the meeting, and had only got a few yards, as he states, when he began to reason with himself on the words he had heard, and in doing so

he fancied he saw all more clearly. So he began to address himself in this way: "I believe what I have heard is true, I do believe it." He then burst into tears, and prayed in the words of the poor man in the Gospel, "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief." Then, like poor Christian before the cross, he felt the strings of his burden crack, and the burden itself to fall off his shoulders and roll away into his Saviour's sepulchre. Then like his prototype in the Pilgrim's Progress, he was "glad and lightsome;" the heaviness of his heart was taken away, and he was enabled to go on his way rejoicing, "light as a feather," to use his own expression. With joy and haste he went to a secluded spot to pour out his thanks unto God.

As he reached the barracks, one of his comrades asked him how it fared with him, when he forthwith replied, "Happy, happy." So he told his comrades as they gathered round him of his happiness and joy, and there were perhaps some of them who, when they had heard his testimony, wished that they too were even as he. Thus he retired to rest that night, sleeping in the chamber of peace, believing that God for Christ's sake had pardoned all his past transgressions.

This state of happiness was soon disturbed by doubts and fears. He began to doubt whether he was not deceiving himself. What made him doubt was, that he thought he had not been sorry enough for his sins, and because his experience had

not been the same as that of others, of whose conversion he had either heard or read. So in this mingled state of doubt and fear he went to the class-meeting on the following Thursday, and told his fears to the minister. He pointed out to him, that all were not converted in the same way, and spoke particularly of the difference between the manner in which Saul of Tarsus and Lydia had been turned to the Lord. Thus was Cooke enabled to believe more surely, and to rejoice with joy unspeakable that he had indeed become a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

A year later he was enabled thus to sum up his experience :—

"I bless God that he ever showed mercy to such an unworthy sinner as I am. It is now more than twelve months since I first accepted Jesus as my Saviour, and vowed to devote my life to his honour and glory. I look back with joy to that time, and bless the day that ever I came out to India. For now, with that confidence which is given me through Christ, I can sing,

'Happy, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.'

"In looking back, I see much to lament also. For I can remember many things that I should have done that have been left undone, and many things left undone which I ought to have done, many sins, much unfaithfulness, and many inconsistencies, and I have sometimes wondered that God

did not cast me off. For well I have deserved it; and had He done so, it would have only been just and righteous. But God has not dealt with me according to my sins, nor rewarded me according to my iniquities. His thoughts are not my thoughts, nor His ways my ways. He hath holden me up until now by the strong arm of His righteousness, and I am still spared as a monument of His mercy. I have been subjected also to many doubts and fears, and much troubled by reason of my great sinfulness and the depravity of my own sinful heart. I have often been troubled by one peculiar besetting sin, and have many times been overcome by it. This has often caused me to grope in darkness, and has completely destroyed my peace. It has caused me much unhappiness, and often nearly driven me to despair, and led me to conclude that there has been no saving work of grace wrought in my soul, so that I have been on the point of giving up religion altogether.

"But the question would ever recur to my mind, To whom should I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And then, full of shame and confusion, I cried to God for mercy, and He delivered me out of my troubles. Often in these times of remorse and shame, I have felt that it would have been my due reward had God instantly cast me into that lake which burns with fire and brimstone; and yet, at these times, I have found my heart so hard that I could do nothing but cry, and that without much

sense of feeling, 'Lord have mercy on me,' or, 'Lord be merciful to me a poor sinner,' or some such similar sentence.

"This has been my greatest enemy. I have had much to bear with by reason of the ridicule and jeers of my comrades, but these I could have borne with patience, as I have never been since my conversion ashamed of my Saviour, and I trust never shall. But my cursed besetting sin has been a canker to my soul, and I have often felt that I could do anything to get rid of it. Blessed be God, He has in His mercy even given me lately victory over this sin also, although I am often assailed by it. His grace is sufficient for me; and I pray earnestly that He will make me doubly watchful over myself for the future, and enable me to get rid of it altogether for Christ's sake."

So true it is that the sins of youth, often lightly committed and indulged in, are sure in after life to weigh down and sorely oppress the soul in its attempts to attain better and higher things. There are sins, the recollection of which will ever sorely haunt the memory, so that even those who by God's grace are finally delivered therefrom, bear upon their souls, as it were, the sense of the wounds they have received until their dying hour.

CHAPTER IX.

Knot of Christians—Meetings of Christian Soldiers—Cooke made an Exhorter—Love Feast—Watch-night at Lucknow—Solemn Thoughts—Cooke visits the Hospitals—Work among the Soldiers—Extracts from Journal—Temperance Meetings—Root of bitterness springing up—Falls into Sin—Dream—Interpretation thereof—Joy in the Holy Ghost—A Tree for a closet—Confined in the Guard-room—Party Spirit—Division in the ranks of Believers—Declension and Fall—Secret Sin—Its fatal influence—Week of Prayer—Defeats and Victories—Besetting sins—Dark clouds overshadowing—Works under declension—Fearful Conflicts and Falls—Lamentations of a Sinner—Reflections—Light in Darkness—Backsliding—Giant Despair's Castle—Leaves Lucknow for Futtehgurh—The terrible Sin—Return to God.

At his first setting forth from the City of Destruction Cooke thought that he was alone, but he soon discovered that one of his comrades was a Christian as well as himself, and this little band was soon increased by other additions, so that the number reached some nine or ten professed seekers after God.

It has been already mentioned that in the month of July the troops were removed from Lucknow on account of sickness, and encamped, first, in cantonments about two miles from the city, and finally, moved into bungalows specially constructed for them. Here the pious soldiers had not the same Christian advantages as they possessed in the city. But they used to meet together for prayer under a tree, and the American missionary, Dr. Butler, or some one of his colleagues, generally contrived to come among them once a week.

Their number was soon increased by some men of the 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade and of the 73d Regiment, in which there were a few sincere and

earnest Christians. Their numbers soon reached thirty and forty, of whom one half were members of the Church of England, and one half Wesleyans. There was for some little time a total absence displayed of all sectarian feeling among them, so that they clubbed together and built a temporary chapel, where every night they met for Bible-reading and prayer. Afterwards they built another little chapel at the other end of the cantonment. The number at this time was about fifty in each chapel. The missionary sometimes preached in one, sometimes in the other chapel, and on Saturdays they were wont to meet alternately for mutual prayer in each chapel.

The battalion of the Rifles and the 73d Regiment soon received orders to leave, and were succeeded by the 23d Welsh Fusiliers. A meeting was accordingly held to bid farewell to the brethren in the former. Addresses were delivered by the missionaries, and also by the leaders of the several little bands of Christians in each regiment. The meeting was a very hearty one, and many were the hearty leave-takings on all sides that night.

Among the Fusiliers there were also like-minded Christian men who joined the little band of professors. Disputes after a little arose respecting the manner of conducting the prayer meetings, which for a while caused some alienation of feeling.

On the 26th July 1860, Cooke was appointed as exhorter by the class to which he belonged. On

this occasion he wrote: "I felt greatly my responsibility, and prayed earnestly that God would count me worthy through His dear Son to labour in His vineyard according as He gives me ability, and that He would fill me with His Holy Spirit, and instruct and teach me the truth as it is in Jesus, that He would keep me from sinning, and give me a clean, humble, contrite, and obedient heart, and a single eye to His honour and glory."

A couple of weeks later Cooke received a certificate from the Rev. Dr. Butler authorising him to hold prayer-meetings in connection with the Lucknow mission, and to give exhortations thereat anywhere in the vicinity of Lucknow. In this position he was usefully employed, and signs were not wanting to prove that he was by grace permitted often to speak a word of refreshment to the weary, and of comfort and encouragement to some tempted and struggling believers.

He thus writes on October 15th with reference to one of the special peculiarities of the Methodist body: "We had our quarterly love-feast to-day together with the Lord's Supper; and, oh! it has been a love-feast indeed to me. My soul has been greatly refreshed. Jesus was very precious to me. Oh, that this overflowing love and heavenly influence would for ever overshadow me. This is about the fifth time I have partaken of the blessings of this means of grace. Oh, the depth of the riches of Christ is indeed inconceivable!

The following extracts from his journal will show the progress of God's work in him :—

"*Jan.* 1*st*, 1861.—Christmas has gone with all its stirring and joyful memories, and a new year has begun with its solemn realities. God be praised for all His numberless mercies, and for His unchanging love towards me. I used to spend these times in sinful mirth and wicked frivolity, and counted Christmas a time for riot and debasing drunkenness. I used, too, to look upon the new year in the same light. But, blessed be God, my eyes are now opened, and I can look on Christmas in its true light, and join in the glad song of the angels, and sing, 'Glory be to God in the highest.' I now feel that the coming of my Saviour concerns me very much, and I see in what a fearful condition I should be without such a Saviour. The new year I have also found to be a season of great solemnity. We have had our watch-night service last night, and to me it was a happy and solemn time. There were about forty present. The Rev. Mr. Pearce preached a suitable discourse on the occasion from the words, 'For all flesh is grass,' &c. (1 Pet. i. 24, 25), after which we continued singing and praying for some time. The Rev. Mr. Baume gave a solemn and forcible address suitable to the solemn moment, and the passing away of the old year. The last moments of the year were spent in silent prayer, after which the meeting was closed with the benediction.

"The old year is gone never to be recalled, with

its sins, backslidings, neglects, doubts, fears, coldnesses, and shortcomings. All is now past and gone. What has been left undone must remain so, what has been done cannot be undone. O God, show me the realities of an approaching eternity. Give me Thy Spirit and grace, and help me to start afresh on my journey, and grant that I may henceforth devote my all to Thee and Thy glory; that, through Thy help and the assistance of Thy good Spirit, I may prove a faithful soldier of Christ all my days, and when they shall close at last receive me to Thyself for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Cooke used sometimes to visit the hospitals in order to read to the men and speak to them about Jesus. In this work, he experienced a blessing himself, and was enabled to be a blessing also. He used to distribute tracts and religious papers. He was much assisted in public prayer, and in giving exhortations to his brethren, as well as when engaged in evangelistic work among his fellow-soldiers. He often found it hard to flesh and blood to act as a tract-distributor among the soldiers' tents, but he generally received grace to overcome the fear of men, and to speak a word for the Master in heaven.

He thus wrote on Easter day, March 31st.—"A day of great joy and comfort. Went to church in the morning and heard a sermon on that text, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' I do not feel that I receive the same good here that I receive from my own minister. Mr. Waterhouse is no doubt a very

good man, but he wants that energy which characterises our Methodist preachers. His words are good, but somehow they are without life to me,—they fall dead on my ear. The fault may be in myself, but I feel quite different in my own chapel. There the word seems to come with reviving power, and my soul seems to feed on fat things. Spent my time after church in reading and writing until two o'clock. Visited then the hospital of the 23d, and had much happiness in trying to direct two sick men to Jesus; one of them is near his end. How sweet to direct the dying soul to its Saviour and Redeemer, and to hear the thanks from the lips of the dying. It is a glorious work, work that an angel would delight to perform. Went to chapel in the evening. Heard an excellent sermon from 2 Cor. iv. 10. Coming home I fell in with three comrades cursing fearfully. Spoke to them for a long while. I hope the Lord will bless it to their souls. After private prayer in which I seemed to be in a little heaven, I retired to bed, but could not sleep till one o'clock. Greatly assaulted by Satan, but overcame his temptations by the blood of the Lamb. Lord, carry on Thy great and glorious work in my heart for Jesus's sake."

"*April* 1*st*.—A day of peace. In somewhat of a dull and languid spirit, not feeling that pleasure in study that I feel sometimes. Went to our temperance meeting in the evening. The meeting is held every month in our little chapel. The speeches of

my comrades in favour of temperance interested me much, especially that of our minister, who is an excellent man of God, and can suit himself to any class of hearers. May the Lord prosper the work in our hands and direct us in all our doings, and give us a single eye to His glory."

Cooke was at this time discouraged by unexpectedly discovering that he had given offence to some of his brethren by making long prayers, and occupying too much time with his exhortations, thus unduly prolonging the duration of their services. He felt much hurt at the unkind remarks made on this head, and was tempted to give up his position of exhorter altogether. While he was in this uncomfortable frame of mind, smarting under the remarks of his comrades, with his pride hurt, he was assaulted by the Evil One, and attacked with his old temptation and besetting sin. He yielded, as under the influence of wounded feelings he had ceased for the time to watch and pray, and for a season was again overwhelmed with trouble, anguish, and darkness. The contest was, however, but for a brief season. He was enabled soon to grasp the weapon of "all-prayer," and though wounded and bruised he was not given over as a prey to the Destroyer.

That night in his sleep he had a dream. He thought he stood on a high mountain, which he was obliged to descend. Its sides were steep and slippery, and by reason thereof he found it dangerous

and difficult work to go down. At last, after much trouble, he succeeded in the attempt and reached the valley below, which was of solid smooth rock, but covered with water a foot in depth. Fresh from the contest with the flesh and devil, he at once considered his vision of the night watches to be a kind of allegory, and thus he interpreted it: The mountain was Pride, the valley into which he had to descend was the Valley of Humiliation, the water that covered it was the tears of repentance, the rock underneath which gave him a firm foothold was the Rock of Ages, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the prayer which burst from his heart as he awoke from his dream was, "Restore unto me, O Lord, the joy of thy salvation, and establish my feet on that rock, for thy mercy's sake."

He thus wrote a few days later (April 14th):— "The Lord has heard my earnest prayer, and has sent his angel of mercy to comfort me; and though I was in heaviness through manifold temptations, and my soul has well-nigh been overwhelmed in the floods of great waters, yet He did not forsake me, but according to His promise He delivered me from the mouth of the lion. It was not till the 8th, three days later, that the Holy Comforter returned, and my dream was verified; and through the mercy of God, I found to my delight and joy my feet were placed upon the firm rock, Christ. Since then my peace has been flowing as a river. Especially to-day, it being Sunday, I was privileged to

draw near to the Lord's Table, and to commemorate the love of the dying Jesus. Jesus himself was in our midst, and if ever I realised the blessedness of pardon of sin, it was to-day. My soul was filled to overflowing with joy."

This joy in the Holy Spirit continued for a considerable season. Cooke had learned for a time his own weakness, and how to rest on the Lord. He was also at this season led to redouble his efforts for the good of others, and again to visit the hospitals to read to the sick, and to exhort them to flee to the good Physician. He was enabled to speak to them with power, and to warn them faithfully. He wrote thus of his work:—"I trust and pray that the Lord will follow my efforts with an abundant blessing. The seed has been sown in weakness. May the Lord cause it to spring up in power. He hath promised that His word shall not return to Him void. Verify Thy promise, O Lord, and win to Thyself honour and glory. Grant unto Thy poor servant an humble but courageous spirit, and assist me to run the way of thy commandments through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. Amen."

On the 30th April, he thus wrote:—"This is my birthday. I am twenty-seven years old. Twenty-five years I served the devil, only two out of twenty-seven have been given to my God. For it is two years to-day since I first surrendered my whole heart to God, and made a public professsion before the world, and declared my attachment to the

Lord Jesus by drawing near to His table. I have had some sweet moments with my Saviour to-day. My closet was a large tree which seemed almost made for the purpose, and the spot proved a hallowed spot to my soul, for Jesus was there, and I found by experience the truth of that verse which says:—

'Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found
And every place is hallowed ground.'

I was led to consider the past, the present, and the future, and to bless the Lord with my whole soul. I asked and found pardon for all the sinful past, and sought grace for the future, and dedicated myself anew to His service. O Lord my God, keep me by Thy grace steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, and by the power of the Holy Spirit, make me what Thou wouldest have me become, for Jesus Christ's sake."

The following extracts from his journal cannot fail to be of interest:—

May 25th.—"I have of late enjoyed much of the love and presence of God, and have had some sweet seasons of sacred communion with Him. Great trials and temptations have been met and easily vanquished. Blessed be the Lord my strength, I have been greatly assisted in exhorting my brethren. And God has blessed my labours, in a great measure, unto Him be all the glory! My heart is still unsanctified, and much evil still lurks there. Pride

and vain-glory often show themselves, unbelief often distresses me, yet in all things I am more than conqueror through Him who loves me, and I can rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Lord, carry on Thy work until I be fully conformed to Thy likeness!"

July 17th.—"Thus far hath the Lord led me. He had made my soul to lie down in peace and to rise up in safety. Bless the Lord, O my soul. The goodness and mercy of God passes man's comprehension. He hath been with me in trials and temptations which have assailed me in many shapes and forms during the past six weeks. Satan has been busy with our little flock, stirring up strife and confusion, and hath caused the love of many to wax cold. Some have gone back to walk no more with Jesus. My own feet were well-nigh gone, my footsteps had almost slipped, but that He, who hath promised to be with His children, came to my help, and delivered me from a net in which I was entangled."

About this time Cooke was confined on one occasion to the guard-room, for being out with his long boots on, which was against orders. He was however released, after nineteen hours confinement. This, however, sorely tried his spirit, as it did not fail to be laid hold of by those desiring to find fault with his doings. For at the same time there were not wanting other causes to dispirit him. There was one Diotrephes who desired to have the pre-

eminence, but whose leadership was refused by the others. Disappointed in this, he sought to find fault with Cooke's leadership and with others also, and so far succeeded that he caused a division in the ranks. Cooke was, however, enabled to steer a steady course, and "with well-doing," at this time, "to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Yet the division in the little band of professed Christians, had, after a time, an evil effect on himself, and after a little there occurs the following entry in his diary :—

"*January* 1*st*, 1862.—It is now nearly three months since I last wrote in my journal. I am sorry that I have failed to put down an account of what passed in this brief time. It has been a bitter and a trying time to me. I have had a grievous fall. Satan finding me off my watch-tower took advantage, and in a deceitful way, entangled me in his net before I was aware. Through this fall I have been tempted several times to give up all for lost, and I should have done so, but that I found I could not live without Christ. This is New Year's day, and blessed be God He hath brought me to myself. I wonder at the mercy that hath spared me so long. O Lord, forgive; O Lord God, pardon, and blot out my many sins of omission and commission, and restore me to my former position. Souls have been perishing, and I have been idle, and looking on, and indulging myself in secret sin. Lord, since Thou hast in Thy mercy quickened me once more, oh,

help me to take up my cross and follow Thee for ever. How many vows and resolutions have I broken! Lord, pardon my unfaithfulness and grant me repentance for the past, and spare me for the future for Christ's sake."

This declension in religion to which Cooke refers arose from his yielding to secret sin, which got a dark hold over him. His comrades did not know what was working in his mind, and the sore troubles and temptations which beset him, through his being led away and enticed by secret sin, which, though it ever remained hidden from the eyes of man, was a grievous burden for him to bear, and caused him intense misery and wretchedness, as we shall find, even to the last.

He wrote more cheeringly a week later. "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. I find myself more settled in the cause of God, and Christ is more precious to my soul. I have been enabled to resume my visits to the hospitals, and my exhortations in the chapel, and I find some of my former pleasure and happiness in thus again working for the Lord. This is the Week of Prayer, and my soul hath been much quickened and strengthened thereby. Oh, may God answer prayer, and fill this cantonment with the rich baptism of his Holy Spirit.'

The following are the weekly entries in his journal about this time, which show the alternate victories gained and defeats endured, in battling with the sin which beset him.

"*January* 14*th.*—Thank God I am still alive and well. I am still upheld by the Almighty power of God. I often wonder why the Lord bears with me so long, why He does not cut me down and cast me away for ever from His sacred presence. For again, after all my good resolutions, I have been overtaken by my mighty sin, and again I have been hurled into the pit of despair. But, O God, I will cry unto Thee from the depths; save me, or I perish for ever. I have been to the hospital this week also, and was enabled to speak freely and boldly for Christ. Oh, had I the wings of a dove, I would fly away and be at rest.

"*January* 21*st.*—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. This week has been somewhat cheering and refreshing, and I have been delivered from all my fears. New desires have sprung up in my heart, and I have had a sweet season of prayer and encouragement in my work at the hospital. My mind is more at ease, and sometimes I have enjoyed some of the peace of God within me, and have been very happy. No temptations to my besetting sin. Lord Jesus, keep me watchful."

"*February* 1*st.*—Sin, sin, nothing but sin! Oh, my wretched and unfaithful heart! Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me! In the midst of profound darkness the light of Calvary still shines."

"*February* 8*th.*—The cloud is dispersing, the sun is appearing, and a few flickering rays again shine

into my soul. I thank God He has showed me my sin. I have been cherishing an idol in my heart, and this idol has stolen away my affections from Christ, and enthroned itself in my heart. I have been trying to serve two masters, which is impossible, and now God has shown my error, I know He will aid me to cast this idol away."

"*February 15th.*—Thank God for His unspeakable mercies and goodness which never fail. They have been abundantly vouchsafed to me in the last week. I have had grace supplied to me in the hour of need, the presence of the Holy Spirit has been vouchsafed to me, and my timid and sinful soul has received great encouragement. My heart has been supplied with holy boldness, with love and burning zeal for the Lord of hosts. I have felt, too, this week tender compassion for souls, and strong desires to save them. I have been sensibly helped in my work of visiting the hospitals and exhorting my comrades. But I have had my conflicts too, but these have proved blessings in disguise. I attended a dying comrade last Sunday, and read to him, and pointed him to Jesus. I then prayed with him, and left him to the care of my heavenly Father. To-day I am going to his funeral. I trust the Lord had mercy on him and saved him even in the eleventh hour. May God give me grace to take warning from the death of this young man, may He teach me that heavenly arithmetic to number my days and apply my heart continually unto wisdom."

"*Feb.* 22*d.*—The bright cloud that overshadowed me last week, and which gave me so much encouragement for the future, has been removed, or rather forced away by my again giving way to the Evil One. He has again laid me low, and brought me again to the land of despair. Oh, how well he knows when and where to tempt me, and how to present the bait and hide the hook which it conceals. I had begun to hope that my great enemy had given up to tempt me in the manner he did, seeing that I had so resolved to resist it. It is my old course, my old and seemingly lasting foe, my besetting sin. O God, shall I ever be able to conquer this dread foe, or will it at last sink me to a burning hell? I have made so many resolutions against it, so many vows, and all, all have been broken, broken. Alas! my soul, thou wilt feel the stings of this serpent to thy dying day. It will be a thorn in thy dying pillow. It has crippled thee, and thy wings are broken. Thou canst not fly, thou canst not mount up in the morning as the lark and sing thy song of praise. Alas, alas, what a poor sorry thing art thou —how blind and foolish! Thou fearest everything but the right thing. Thou fearest death and the judgment, eternity and hell; but thou dost not sufficiently fear sin, the cause of all other fears, to gird up thy loins like a man, and depart from it. Vain are all thy excuses which thou wouldst advance to mitigate thy crime, for thou hast no covering for thy sin. Thy God, whom thou hast to deal with,

is as just to punish thee for sin, as He is merciful to save thee from it. This sin must be destroyed, or it will destroy thee, O my soul. One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy thee, O my soul: for 'he that offendeth in one point is guilty of all.' Yet there is still hope for thee. The door of mercy is not yet closed against thee, or thou wouldst not have these reflections. Come then, my soul, take courage, and try once more. Make no more vows, for they are like Samson's withes and ropes, which will break in sunder when the Philistines come upon thee. But now depend on thy God. Watch and pray, and commit thy all to Him, and let Him accomplish what thou canst not. O Lord, help me. O Lord, undertake for me, leave me not, nor forsake me, deliver me for Christ's sake."

"*March* 1*st*.—This week has been a week of hope, and I have had much to tell me that God hath not forsaken me as I have deserved. But I am still in a state of uncertainty. Heard an excellent sermon from Rev. Dr. Butler on Sunday evening on the text, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' My heart echoed back the words, and, thank God, I have earnest desires to live the life of the righteous. O God, help me, fill me with thy Holy Spirit for Jesus Christ's sake."

"*March* 8*th*.—I thank the Lord that I am spared through another week. On the whole, it has been a prosperous one. I have had some sweet and refreshing seasons of private prayer, and my soul

has, on the whole, made some progress. I hope I am beginning to bring forth the fruit of a godly repentance. I have been hardly thrust at by the arch-enemy of my soul, and he has tried his own plan, but, blessed be God, I have overcome him by the blood of the Lamb; and I know that it is written, 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.' May the Lord Jesus ever stand by me, and help me to watch and pray continually."

"*March 15th.*—I can write nothing but bitter things against myself. Sin, sin, nothing but sin. I am all sin, and the more I strive against its power, the more I sin and stumble. I have sinned wilfully in a grievous manner, and all ability to resist seems in vain. O wretched and miserable soul, thou hast completely destroyed thyself. But in God is my help. I went to the hospital of the 48th last Sunday, and spoke to the men there. It is far easier to preach than to practise, but with God's help I will continue to fight, and look to Jesus the conqueror."

"*March 19th.*—Any one perusing this scribble must have seen that there was something wrong with me. In fact, I have indicated in several places the truth, in such terms as must demonstrate the fact that I was struggling with a great enemy. I have endeavoured thus far to write in a Christian way, and to keep back the real truth, but I can do so no longer, and the truth, the awful truth, must come out. I was once a Christian, and a

lively happy one also. I can repeat the language of the poet with a true sense of its import now, for I have fallen from grace, and am become a backslider:—

'Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and His word?
What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.'

"I forbear to write an account of my fall, although I did do it. But on looking over it again, I thought it better to leave the matter between my God and me alone, so I have torn the whole out . . . ."*

"*March 5th*, 1863.—Nearly twelve months have past and gone. Another year is on the wing, and here I am still in the mire, having but faint hopes of ever regaining what I have lost. I am still struggling with sin, but very weak. I have left Lucknow, and am now in Futtehgurh. I arrived here on the 23d of last month after a march of about two hundred miles. The march was somewhat beneficial to me. I am still desirous of serving God;

* Cooke wrote later another full account of the whole matter; but however interesting it is in many points, I have felt it better to omit it in this memoir, while giving with tolerable fulness the entries in his journal, which refer to the terrible spiritual contests his poor soul had to undergo from his having yielded to the dark temptations of the evil one.

something seems to inspire me with hope. I cannot finally give myself up to sin. Some sense of a Saviour's love is still in my heart, and my soul yearns and struggles to be free. Sometimes I think the enemy is mastered, and begin to hope for better things. But it often seems as if Satan had me under his feet, and as soon as I struggle to get up, he knocks me down. I have been sometimes for five weeks together without yielding to my temptations. But then Satan makes another attack, and I am knocked down again. I have still hopes through Christ of becoming the conqueror. O Lord, undertake for me!

"I am here like a pelican in the wilderness, and if the Lord does not condescend to feed me, I must perish with hunger. I have but little or no opportunity of attending the means of grace, for there is only a church here, and I never could enjoy the Church prayers and a written sermon. It seems so cold and dead. But I must not complain, for in this valley of Achor I think I can behold a door of hope. Who knows whether this wilderness may not be a place of triumph, as the wilderness of Judea was to Jesus. It seems to me that the Lord has brought me here for a purpose, so by God's grace I will stand on my watch-tower and hear what the Lord has to say unto me, and I hope soon to shout 'Victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb!'"

"*March* 18*th*.—A gleam of hope is breaking through the cloud of doubt and despair, and I have

enjoyed more tranquillity of mind lately. I have had some fresh kindlings of love within my heart, and I groan earnestly to be set free, and to have my backslidden sin-pierced soul healed by the all-cleansing blood of Christ. O Lord, I have destroyed myself, but in Thee is my hope."

"*March* 21*st*.—My hope grows brighter still. The dark clouds are dispersing, and the beams of the Sun of righteousness are breaking in with healing power upon my distracted, sin-burdened soul. O Lord, give me a humble contrite heart. Turn me, and I shall be turned! O Lord, I am thy servant, save me for Thy mercies' sake."

The terrible chain of secret sin which so entangled Cooke, and kept him so long at intervals as an inmate of Giant Despair's castle, was at last by God's providence broken. Fearfully he had suffered therefrom, and fearful was the means whereby God in His mercy set him free. The history of the sin and its results, did the writer feel at liberty to give it, would be a terrible warning to all such Christians as venture to tread on forbidden paths, relying on some unknown way of being extricated therefrom. But enough is recorded already to show the fearful contest that took place within his own soul, and, as he himself had foreseen, the remembrance of the whole matter bitterly haunted his dying pillow. Yet never during the dark contest did he lose completely the sight of the Cross of Calvary; and while the spiritual history of this chapter is fraught with

warning, it is also full of encouragement to backsliders. Such may learn therefrom not to despair of recovery from any fall, however awful, since here is the case of one who fell low indeed in the mire of sin, and yet by grace was lifted up from the dunghill. However deep his fall, the prayer of the poet Cowper, in the hymn already quoted, was ever his also:—

"Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

CHAPTER X.

Cooke actively engaged in Christian Work—Growth in Grace—Death of a Comrade—Warning—Humbling Reflections—Sin and Sorrow—Sickness—Presented with a Silver Medal by his Bible Class—Work for the Temperance Cause—Ordered to Gwalior—Leaves Futtehgurh—March—Agra—Morar—Increasing Strength—Cheering entry in Journal—Assaults of Satan—Fear of Death—Renewed Sickness—Invalided—Proceeds homeward—Agra again—Lines on New Year's Day, 1866—Calcutta.

THE bitter sorrows which, though unknown to his fellows, had darkened the path of J. L. Cooke, left, however, a chastening effect on his mind. He was for the time cured from the sin that so marred his peace, and interfered with his Christian work. And yet in another form that temptation still beset him. Sin, strengthened by indulgence, had too firmly fixed its roots within to be thoroughly rooted up, and the dark memories of the past often served to act as temptations as well as warnings to his soul. Therefore, he ever had reason, with bitterness, to regret that he had stepped unbidden into the path of the destroyer, and he bore the traces of his deadly conflict in an evil tendency to similar transgression.

Some three months after this painful but blessed providence had cut him off from the main cause of transgression, he was again engaged as a labourer in the Lord's vineyard. A Bible class was formed among the soldiers, and he was called on some two or three times a week to speak and to invite sinners to Christ. He was also appointed clerk to the church in the station, and he seemed once more to

be growing in grace, and to be prospering in his Christian profession. His journal will show the progress of the divine life in his soul.

"*April 30th*, 1864.—It is my birth-day to-day, and I am endeavouring to observe it to the glory of God by fasting and prayer. It is five years to-day since I first drew near to the Lord's table, and to-morrow I hope to draw near again. I think much on this day, as I am now thirty years old. This is the age at which the priests in Old Testament times were set aside for their sacred office, and it was at thirty years of age that Christ began to preach publicly. I hope and pray that by God's grace I may be enabled to devote my life more to the glory of God. I have entered into covenant afresh with God to-day, and I hope by God's grace to keep my covenant unbroken. But I tremble when I remember my past unfaithfulness, lest I may break it again. My God, my whole trust is in Thee, hold Thou me up, and establish my goings, set my feet on the rock, and keep me ever near Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake."

"*June 1st.*—At the close of another month I have to thank and bless God for many things, although I have still much to lament over. Yet, on the whole, I have been wonderfully upheld, and have been enabled to discharge faithfully my duties to God and man. My Bible class continues to flourish, and God has helped me in my endeavours to save sinners."

"*July* 1*st*.—Still spared another month to record Thy mercies, O God! This month has been one of great blessing. Through God's grace I have made some progress heavenwards, if victory over myself, and over my besetting sins, a deep sense of my own sinfulness, and an increased knowledge of Christ and of His ability to save, be counted progress. I am still far from holy, and I long for more knowledge of Christ. All I deserve is death, eternal death, but Jesus gives me life, eternal life. I have had much to draw me closer to Christ, and to remind me of my latter end. I have buried this month seven or eight persons, and one of them I loved much. He was a young man, of twenty-eight years old, robust and strong. He started with me on the Christian life, but when promoted, he fell away, and never recovered again. I often spoke to him, but he always put me off, and now within one short week he was launched into eternity. May I watch and be ready! My Bible class is in a hopeful state; the number of those that attend is just the same as before. God has helped me through my duties with the class, and has blessed me much. Still I have to mourn over time lost and wasted, and much languidness and lassitude of spirit, caused no doubt partially by the weather, which has been excessively hot."

"*August* 1*st*.—In reviewing this last month, I see much to make me sad. I have been very remiss in duty; my zeal has died away as it were; and

I can see much which I have neglected to do; and, worst of all, I have grievously sinned against God, and thereby quenched the Spirit within me. I have been guilty of much light conversation, light thinking, and much carelessness in my actions before men. I have often kept silence when I had an opportunity of speaking to men with reference to their souls, or have suffered myself to be drawn away into other topics of conversation. I have also felt my passions rise more than once, and angry feelings have been felt, and angry expressions been used by me. But worst of all, the giant sin I thought was slain has again assailed me, and I have been trodden down by its mighty power. But by the help of the Lord I will conquer him. O sin! thou curse and destroyer of my soul, how long shall I have to mourn over thy power within my breast—

> 'Foul, I to the fountain fly,
> Wash me, Saviour, or I die!'

But praise be to God, there are some bright spots in this month. Though cast down, I am not destroyed. There are many things even in this dark month pleasant to remember. The Lord has not forsaken me, but let me remember my sins and failings to humble me at Jesus' feet, and to rouse me to more exertion. Lord, lift up Thy banner against the evil one. Arm me for the conflict, and give me victory through Jesus Christ."

"*September* 1*st*.—This has been a month of sor-

row in many respects, and all the sorrow has been caused by *sin* in myself and others. I have mourned and wept over my own wickedness and depravity, and over the hardness of heart manifested in others. I have sometimes been almost ready in despair to give up trying to do good. But prayer and the promises of God's word have hitherto encouraged me to persevere, and my hopes have been revived by the thought that the work is the Lord's, and that He will not let it fall to the ground. Therefore, I have been able to continue my labours. Still I must confess that I have not felt that delight nor that earnestness in performing my duties which I used to have. This has led me to self-examination, and thus I have been led to conclude, that the want of success has been on account of my own sinfulness. For I am altogether vile in God's sight and in my own. I do not wilfully sin, but I am too easily overcome. I would give the world to be holy and without sin. I long to be holy, and to be like Christ. I long to be made wise to win souls, and to see many converted."

"*November.*—This month has been a month of discipline. God has seen fit to cast me into the furnace of affliction. I have been very ill in hospital for twenty-six days. I thought at one time that the Lord was going to remove me from hence, and was very much troubled at the thought. But after looking into the precious promises of God's word, and engaging in prayer, I became composed,

and went to sleep like a babe, feeling perfectly safe in my Saviour's arms. By God's mercy I recovered, and returned to my duties, I trust the better for my affliction. I felt it good to have had such a mark of the favour of God, and saw in it an answer to my prayers. When I came out of hospital I was presented with a silver medal by the members of my Bible class as a mark of their love. I am very grateful to them for bestowing on me such a token of their affection, altogether unworthy as I am, and will try to repay them by being more attentive and zealous than I have been."

"*December.*—A laborious month, but still a happy one for me, for I have been labouring for the welfare of others, and this I find is pleasure indeed. I have been busy in getting up a tea-party, and have succeeded beyond my expectations. It went off splendidly, and several took the temperance pledge. Two addresses were given, one by Rev. Mr. Templeman, and one by myself. The intervals were filled up by singing. Several of the officers and higher officials were present, and upwards of two hundred soldiers."

"*January* 1865.—This month has passed over just as usual. Our temperance society has been growing in numbers. More than fifty joined since Christmas. The religious meetings go on as before. I am very busy in this good work. A society has been formed in our own battery at the request of men themselves."

The battery of Royal Artillery to which Cooke be-

longed received sudden orders to proceed to Morar, in Gwalior, while the 20th Regiment was to proceed to Dinapore. These orders completely broke up the societies in which the men of both parts of the force had been united. The parting was a sorrowful one. Cooke left Futtehgurh with deep regret, and many tears were shed by the brethren as they parted with one another. Cooke wrote that he lost thereby "a good minister, a prosperous situation, and many friends." Mr. Templeman seems to have been such an evangelical minister of the Church of England as won Cooke's affections, and he had been useful to him in many ways in his Christian life. Under his ministry it seems for the first time Cooke came in contact with warm evangelical teaching in connection with the Church of England.

The march from Futtehgurh began on the 17th February, and the soldiers proceeded at the rate of ten to twelve miles a day. The road was good, and shaded on each side by trees nearly all the way. The country through which they passed was beautiful, well cultivated, and abounding with game. The men arrived at Agra on the 25th. Agra greatly pleased the men, who were delighted with the numerous gardens and beautiful walks, and with the surpassing beauty of the Taj Mahal, ("the crown of edifices"), one of the seven wonders of the world. The Taj, as is well known, is built of marble, and adorned with precious stones. It was erected by Shah Jehan as a mausoleum in honour of his

favourite queen. It consists of a quadrangle of nearly 600 feet, with a lofty dome in the centre. Agra was full of European troops, and Cooke there met with several brethren of 23d Regiment, and several happy meetings took place. But the troops rested only three days there.

The march from Agra to Morar was a most unpleasant one, the roads were very bad, and the weather was also occasionally very wet. The country is of a very different description with that met with on the march from Futtehgurh to Agra, as it was for the most part along the line of route barren, with uncultivated and rocky hills. Rain delayed the troops at Dholpur three days. Here the men saw some wild beasts, tigers, cheetahs, and a leopard. Morar was reached on the 10th of March. It was a wild, unhealthy looking spot, surrounded by rocks and hills. Its spiritual condition seemed to Cooke even worse. There was only one little church in the whole station. He met, however, with two or three Christian brethren among the troops stationed there, and continued occasionally to visit the hospitals, as at the other stations, for the purpose of distributing tracts. For a time the three or four Christian brethren held a little meeting together, but for some reason or other, this had at last to be discontinued, so that, save his visits to the hospitals, he was able to do here but little. He had here also several slight attacks of sickness. It would, however, seem that, notwithstanding that he was compelled to

sit still as it were, God's work prospered in his soul, and he was enabled to hold on steadily in his course, with his face set heavenward.

The following entry for *June* occurs in his journal:—"This month has been, I trust, a fruitful one. I have been enabled to hold on in my course, and, on the whole, to make progress. But what a sorry mortal I am, how weak, frail, and sinful. Although my title is clear in Christ, yet false and full of sin I am. I long to be more holy; I thirst after God; and the more I know of Him, the more I want to know. I have continued to visit the sick, but having been reported by the Roman Catholic priest, I have had to give it up. My heart has been much cheered and encouraged this month by a letter I received from England from a young woman, stating that she had been led to Jesus by the letters I have written to her parents. We have lost a sergeant on the 17th of this month. Drink, a constant course of drinking, has done its work at last. Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon me. Draw me, and I will run after Thee."

In *July* he wrote a less cheerful description of his state:—"The former part of the month," wrote he, "was passed in peace and tranquillity. But after a calm comes a storm, and so it was in my case. I was not successful in resisting the assaults of Satan, but was foiled, disarmed, and thrown down. Hence God left me to feel my misery, and all His waves went over my soul, and I was like the

tempest-tossed disciples, very fearful lest I should be engulphed in the billows. But I knew it was in vain to seek comfort apart from God, so I returned to Him, wrestled with Him in prayer, confessing my sin. Thus I found again my Saviour, who pardoned and quieted my fears."

"Death," he continues, "has been busy amongst us, and several have been carried off by cholera. The fear of death and this dreadful disease harrowed my soul to its very depths, and for a time made me doubt of my title to heaven. I thought it was very strange that I should be so harrowed with fears, while the ungodly were bold and careless. Now I see that all this was necessary to bring me to myself. It drove me to prayer; I called upon the Lord, and He delivered me from all my troubles. Now, O Lord, deal kindly with Thy servant, and since Thou hast given me new life and fresh tokens of Thy love, help me to watch and pray continually. When the enemy comes in like a flood, lift Thou thy standard against him, and when my soul is tossed on the sea of doubt and fear, give me grace to feel Thy presence, and to hear Thy voice, and then I, too, will smile at the storm."

"*August.*—Worse than useless are my efforts to master sin. Sin is my misery, sin is my burden, sin is my enemy, my greatest enemy, and ever shall be. Oh to be holy, 'Dear Lord, shall I ever live at this poor dying rate!' Can it be possible that a wretch like I can ever get to heaven? Yet it is

possible. But, O my soul, 'tis Christ, none but Christ, that can bring thee there. Cease from thy own works, resolutions, &c., and trust to Christ, Thou art like a bird beating itself in vain against its cage; stop, my poor fluttering heart, and Christ will let thee out."

Cooke was several times confined to hospital during the months of October and November, and so his efforts to do good were much interfered with. Sometimes he was enabled to meet with a few brethren for prayer, generally he remarks he "sought the Lord alone on the plains of Morar." He was finally invalided on the 17th of November. He looked upon this as an answer to prayer, as he had a longing desire to see his native land. On the 25th he joined the invalid camp, and two days later, set out on his march home. He had two brothers in the army from whom he felt much in parting. He also felt regret at parting from some of his Christian brethren. But the joy on the one hand dispelled the sorrow on the other.

In Agra the invalids were delayed some time. While there, he was enabled to be helpful to some young Christian soldiers of the 41st Regiment, who were just come from England. Some soldiers of the 23d, already known to him, joined the little band in a little prayer meeting, and when the men of the 23d departed, Cooke still continued to meet the others every night for exhortation and prayer. These young men he left in the hands of the Baptist

missionaries, to confirm and strengthen them by prayer and Bible instruction.

In January 1866, amid a general entry in his journal for the month, we meet the following:—"I heard a most impressive sermon last night on the text, 'We spend our years as a tale that is told' Ps. xc. 9. True, too true a picture of life; Lord, teach me to number my days, and help me to apply my heart unto wisdom. Oh, how sad I felt when, on coming home, I had to enter a tent full of drunken, fighting, riotous men. What a scene I witnessed, in the closing hours of the Old Year. But if my outward man was ruffled, yet there was peace within, and I laid down to sleep at peace with God. At midnight I was awakened by the sweet strains of soft melodious music, and my flesh crept as it were with a thrill of joy, and while the drunkard was sleeping off the stinking perfume of drink, I was drinking in a foretaste of the joys and music of heaven. For, indeed, such was the effect of the music on my soul, that the very tent, which appeared the night before a little hell, seemed to be turned into a heaven below. O God, bring me at last to join in the music of the heaven above for Jesus Christ's sake."

Feelings such as these, made him pen the following lines on New Year's Day, 1866:—

A Year of time how short the space, how quick the moments fly!
How soon my span of life will close, and I be called to die!
Reflection to my conscience brings my sins in dire array,
And makes me shudder at the thought of the great judgment day.
My head bows down with shame and fear, I dare not look above;

Guilt doth oppress my inmost soul, I mourn like yonder dove,
I am disturbed, I find no rest, my soul is tempest-toss'd,
I sink beneath the surging waves, Alas, alas, I'm lost!
No, no! my soul, not lost, not lost! while Jesus calls thee nigh,
And bids thee drink of living streams, and never never die.
O Lord, I come, Thou knowest my heart; it pants, it longs for Thee;
Although I'm foul and full of sin, I long to be set free.
I hate my sin, it is my foe, no quarters I will give
This treach'rous foe within my heart, as long as I do live.
I thank the Lord that though but faint, yet still I do pursue
The narrow way that leads to life, where I Thy face shall view.
Since then thou hast upholden me in years that have gone by,
Thou wilt not let me fall away in this New Year that's nigh.
Therefore my mind shall be at rest, my soul shall simply trust
In Thee my God, for well I know, what'er Thou doth is best.
At night I'll lay me down to sleep, my mind shall be at ease;
At morn I'll rise with strength renewed, and seek Thee on my knees.
And thus each day shall pass away till my few years are run;
Then sweetly close my eyes in death when travelling days are done.

The journey from Agra to Calcutta, was attended with divers annoyances, but was on the whole pleasurable to the invalid. The scenery of the river Ganges made a deep impresssion on his mind. Calcutta was very sickly, and cholera again made its appearance, and thoughts of death, with all the confidence and trust he had in Christ, yet made his soul oft to tremble.

At Calcutta, he was able to enjoy again the means of grace, and he found there some true followers of the Lord Jesus. The invalids were from various corps, and amongst these were not a few who were fellow-citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem. Calcutta, however, city of palaces though it was, was not very attractive to Cooke. His attention was rather

drawn to its most repulsive features than to its fascinating aspects. The former were at that time its characteristics; much since has been done to improve it. Hence he describes it as a very dirty place, with unpaved streets, bad drainage, and pestilential smells. In a religious aspect, too, it appeared in his eyes a city wholly given up to worldly pleasure. He wrote, therefore, in a melancholy strain, that the churches and chapels were almost empty, while the theatre and ball-rooms were full, and he wondered in himself at the long-suffering and mercy of God in bearing so long with the folly and sin of man.

CHAPTER XI.

Cooke leaves India—Voyage Home—Sabbath at Home—Friendships in the ranks—Cooke attends on a sick Friend—Cholera—Strange providence—Cooke obliged to attend a Friend in Cholera—Nurses him—Answers to prayer—His Friend restored—Cooke gets into correspondence with his Friend's Niece—Emma Plumridge—Her Grandfather—Verses of Emma Plumridge—Cooke discharged from the army—Proceeds to meet his correspondent—Happy meeting—Mutual Lovers—Cooke's honesty in disclosing his past life—Marriage—Visits his own Home—The rejoicing Mother—Engaged in Farm employment—Local Preacher among Bible Christians—Becomes a Policeman.

COOKE left India finally on February 21st. The voyage homeward round the Cape was tedious and uneventful. The usual rough weather was experienced in rounding the Cape. Some thirteen invalids died on the homeward passage. The wickedness on board was, alas! very great, and all the religious worship on board was that on the Sunday morning. Then the Colonel in charge read the Church of England service, as there was no regular chaplain on the ship. Yet Cooke was during this trying time kept by grace from falling away from Christ, and he found some congenial companions among those who sailed with him.

On the 1st of July, 1866, the invalid soldiers were landed at Netley on the Thames, and Cooke's feelings of joy were great as he set foot upon firm land once more. His heart was full of gratitude to God, who for ten years had protected him in all his wanderings, and had now at last permitted him to see again his native land.

The following day was the Sabbath. Cooke

wandered along the river side and up a glen, and into a small wood where he poured out his grateful thanks to Almighty God. "All nature," he writes, "seemed decked in loveliness, and was full of music and song. It seemed to smile and welcome me back to my native land. The birds sang in the branches, and the trees were in full leaf, the hay was lying in the fields, sending forth its sweet fragrance, the nuts and blackberries were just forming, and altogether the scene was charming. My heart was full, and I wept tears of joy, and I was led, by the feelings of gratitude I experienced, to pour out my heart in prayer, and in songs of praise to the great Source of all good.

In order to understand an event that now soon occurred, it is necessary to return for a little and mention a few facts in Cooke's Indian life.

It has already been related that, during his military service in India, Cooke met several pious soldiers, who by their life and conversation were lights among the darkness around them. Among those belonging to his own battery were some who were converted about the same time with himself. To one of these he became much attached. In fact, they were as two brothers. On many occasions by moonlight, they were wont to praise the Lord together, and to engage in earnest prayer. Thus they were often helpful to one another in sharing each other's burdens, and in communicating to each other their individual sorrows, for together they brought

their difficulties to a throne of grace, and, having confessed their faults one to another, they used to pray for the Spirit's healing grace.

This comrade, however, could not write himself, and so Cooke used to write his letters for him to his friends, and to read to him the various answers. The kind care of Cooke was several times the means of saving his life. When attacked with dysentery, he was at one time given over by the doctors as appointed unto death. He was reduced to a skeleton and could eat nothing. At this time Cooke used to attend the hospitals to read and pray with the sick men. Finding his friend so very ill, Cooke undertook the task of preparing something for him to eat, and induced him to partake thereof. Three times a-day he used himself to prepare some custard for his support, and God blessed the means to his ultimate recovery.

In the year 1861 when the cholera attacked the troops, and many were falling victims to its ravages, these Christian soldiers spoke much together concerning the awful malady. They were both afraid of being attacked, and felt fearful lest they too should be swept away like so many of their comrades. As they passed along one day engaged in' conversation on this point beneath the branches of a thick tree, Cooke suggested to his fellow that they might have prayer together, "for if," said he, "we are afraid of death, it is because we are not made perfect in love, for 'perfect love casteth out fear.'" So to prayer

they both went, and prayed earnestly. Cooke felt much strengthened, cheered, and refreshed thereby. The next day his fellow was seized with fever, and taken to the hospital. He was ill with fever for several days, and reduced to a state of extreme prostration, and in this condition was seized with the dreadful cholera. Many were dying around him; his case seemed hopeless. Again he was given up by the medical attendants as lost, and he himself considered, too, that his latter end had come.

At this stage he sent for his friend Cooke. He went to him, trembling all over from head to foot, but fervently praying as he went for the Almighty's protection, for he was still much afraid of the cholera and of death. When he came to his bedside he scarce could recognise his comrade, so fearful was the change which had been wrought in him. His eyes were sunken, his cheeks hollow, and his face ghastly. His speech, too, was almost gone. When, however, Cooke approached his bed, he sprang up and clasped him round his neck, exclaiming, "O my dear brother," and kissed him. Fear and terror at this took hold of Cooke, and he trembled greatly. The other perceived it, and said, "My dear brother, do not fear, you are here for a good purpose, and nothing will harm you."

These words inspired Cooke with new life. He forthwith set to work to do what he could to relieve his comrade. The usual attendants who stood by said, "Do not disturb the man, let him die quietly."

But Cooke having simply remarked in reply, "While there is life there is hope," kneeled down and prayed to God for him; and rising from prayer, began immediately to apply remedies. The poor man, however, soon lost all consciousness, and all around his bed thought that his last moments had come. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and looking up in the face of his friend said, with a husky death-like voice, "Jack, I am better." From that moment he gradually regained strength, and in due time completely recovered.

Cooke regarded this, and well he might, as a direct answer to prayer. He thought it was also designed to teach him not to doubt God's ability to deliver, but to persevere even in the greatest calamities. He looked on it, too, as tending to confirm the faith of himself and his friend. Well might they have been addressed in these words, "O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?" But a short time before both were quaking in presence of cholera and death, and now one had been stricken down, and brought up, as it were, from the gates of death, and the other had been called upon to attend on his companion. The sick man's fears of death were all removed, and, in the worst moments of his sickness, he had been enabled thus to address his friend: "I was afraid of death the other night, but I am not now, I am quite willing and ready to depart and to be with Christ. I know in whom I have believed, and I am not afraid to die." Thus

were his fears taken away. And Cooke's fears also were for the time removed by seeing the happy state of his friend, and thus by this trial both were mutually benefited, and their hands strengthened in God.

Another important event in Cooke's life was brought about by this illness of his companion. As already mentioned, he used to write letters home in the name of his friend. But now he had to write in his own name to apprise the relations of his illness. His friend's niece used to write for her father to her uncle in India, and now she wrote to thank Cooke for his kind letter concerning her uncle. To this letter he sent a reply, and thus a correspondence sprang up between the two, though they had never seen or heard of one another before. This correspondence lasted for six years, and after a while they corresponded together as a brother and sister in Christ. The correspondence ran on many subjects, until they mutually knew each other's mind, perhaps far better than they might have learned it in one another's company, and a close bond of Christian fellowship was formed between them.

Emma Plumridge, the person with whom Cooke was thus brought into epistolary correspondence, was a person of fair education, and of a refined Christian mind. Her grandfather, James Plumridge, of West Wycombe, was a man of earnest piety, who was a class-leader and local preacher

among the Methodists.* His Christian character made a deep impression on the mind of his granddaughter, who was much thrown in his way in tender years, and she was led by him, and by the other Christians by whom she was from infancy surrounded, to put her trust in the same Saviour whom they had found so precious.

Her letters of Christian comfort and advice were often a great consolation to poor Cooke in India, and she often sent him little poems of her own composing. These, though not absolutely correct in metre, yet exhibit a nice spirit, and some poetic power, which might have improved had she received a better education. One specimen of such a poem, with a rejoinder by Cooke himself, whose education was considerably inferior to hers, may interest our readers:—

"Who is he that afar doth roam,
Far from his native land and home,
From loving hearts who wish he'd come?
My brother John.

"Who is it I have never seen,
And yet my heart to him doth lean,
And nought from him my heart shall wean?
My brother John.

* A small memoir of him was printed and published locally. It is entitled, "The Memoir of James Plumridge, of West Wycombe: to which is added a Discourse preached to improve his death, and a sketch of the life of James Treacher. By Benjamin North, Wycombe, 1862.

"For brother John my knees oft bend,
And up to God my prayers ascend,
That He may all his ways attend,
And guide him right.

"That angels bright may guard his way
On right and left, nor let him stray,
But lead him on to perfect day,
In heaven above."

The reply, written by Cooke, was as follows:—

"Who is this too wise to roam
Far from her friends and childhood's home,
That never left her loved ones lone?
My sister Emma.

"Who is this I wish to see,
And with whom I long to be,
For she seems most dear to me?
My sister Emma.

"Always when my knees I bend,
An earnest prayer to God I'll send,
And unto Jesus Christ commend
My sister Emma.

"And while I pray, sweet angels bright,
By faith I see on earth alight,
To guard and keep both day and night,
My sister Emma."

One other little specimen of her verses, written to cheer Cooke in his trials, may not be unwelcome, as showing the spirit by which their correspondence was marked, and which rendered her letters so refreshing to him in India:—

"Cheer thee, brother, sighs are vain,
Wreathe thy face in smiles again,
Though thy path is dark and dreary,
Though with toil thy frame is weary.

"Cheer thee, brother, cease thy sorrow,
God will send a glad to-morrow,
Though the morn be long in breaking,
He thy cause is undertaking.

"Cheer thee, brother, dry thy tears,
To the wild winds cast thy fears,
Ere 'tis long, the time will come,
God will safely bring thee home!

"Cheer thee, brother, don't repine,
Is not thy God also mine?
I have found Him faithless never,
Faithful to His promise ever.

"Cheer thee, brother, look above,
God is mercy, God is love,
He will guide thee to the end,
Only on His love depend."

It need not be surprising that Cooke should have been anxious to see one with whom he had enjoyed such sweet communion by letter, and for whom he was cherishing even a warmer regard, which was evidently reciprocated on her part. Accordingly, when he received his discharge on August 14th 1866, he hastened to West Wycombe, Bucks, and arrived there in the evening before dusk. Her father was expecting his arrival, and a hearty welcome was given him by the whole family. Her father was a local preacher among the Methodists, and her grandfather was still living. All were collected that night with glad hearts around the family altar, and poured forth their common prayers and praise to a gracious God.

Cooke's own description of the happy meeting he

had there is best given in his own words:—"My heart was full to overflowing. I saw my stranger-friend for the first time, one to whom I had written for six years, one who by her writing had soothed, comforted, sympathised with me, kept hope alive in my bosom, and cheered my heart in India, one whose letters I used to look for, and read with the greatest eagerness, one whom I had long loved dearer than my own relations. I saw her, and she saw me for the first time. Our words were few, our introduction short. She was bashful and retiring, and very nervous. I gently took her outstretched hand, and, with a rush of feeling I cannot describe, gasped out the words, "Emma at last!" I felt she was the one I asked God for, the one I had wished and waited for. I saw an answer to my prayers, and praised God for His goodness. . . . . I could not sleep that night for joy. The next day, after conversing together, we were happy to find that neither of us were disappointed with each other. So we became lovers there and then, and that night we sat alone under a bower in the garden, where we recounted the past, and poured out our hearts to one another. The bells rang merrily as we pledged our love to each other. Joy, joy was our feast that night."

Ere, however, accepting finally her consent to their marriage union, Cooke thought himself bound, as a man of honour, to let her know the life he had formerly lived, and the sins which had stained even

his Christian life in India. He placed, therefore, his journal in her hands that she might peruse his history, and then finally decide whether she would accept him as her husband. The motives that influenced his conduct were most honourable, and the trust he reposed in her was not misplaced. Nor was her decision long delayed, and so, with the willing consent of her parents, the marriage took place on the 10th September, no long courtship having intervened.

Two days after the wedding, Cooke, accompanied by his bride, visited his own family in Devonshire. He had been absent from home thirteen years. Great was the mutual joy at meeting. His old father tottered forth into the street on his two crutches to meet his son, while his old mother sat in a chair too feeble to rise to meet her long lost prodigal. His wife received also a warm welcome in that cottage home. The poor old mother, after looking at her son for some time, could not at once assure herself of his identity, but when she did, she rejoiced heartily at the return of the wanderer, now brought to rejoice like herself in Christ the Saviour.

The wedded pair remained about five weeks in Devonshire, and then returned to Bucks. Cooke was now anxious to obtain employment. The little money he had in hand on leaving the army (£21) was exhausted; and though he had nearly £50 in the Army Savings' Bank, for some cause or other it

was not immediately available at this juncture. Under such circumstances he sought to find employment in any way, but for a time was unsuccessful. Having, however, at last been offered employment under a farmer in Devonshire, he accepted the offer. Some days after, a situation he would have preferred was offered close by. He considered himself bound to abide by the first engagement he had made, and so they proceeded to Devonshire. They were much disappointed with the appearance of their new home. It was an old, dilapidated farmhouse, large enough for two families, but much out of repair; and the wages he received, in addition to his house and garden, were only eleven shillings a week. His master was kind, and was a Christian man; but the feeding of cattle and agricultural work was not much to the taste of Cooke, after having been so long in the army, and accustomed ever to be cleanly in his person. Accordingly, he soon sought other employment.

Anxious, however, to do something for his Master above, Cooke was, while in this situation, made a local preacher among the community of so-called Bible Christians, and occasionally preached in the small Baptist chapels in that part of the country.

The employment to which he was directed was a place in the London Metropolitan Police force. He hoped ultimately to find some other more congenial work by getting into some place as an evangelist or missionary. Meanwhile, he was accepted as a

candidate for the police force, and in due time received his warrant, and was sworn in as a constable. On the 30th April, his birthday, he was appointed to the Y division, and stationed at Highgate.

CHAPTER XII.

Police Duties—Highgate—Kind Treatment—Birth of Son—Illness of his Wife—Deaths in Family—Opportunities for Doing Good—Scene with Drunken Woman—Toil and Reward—Unnecessary Trouble—Policeman and Missionary—Looks about for other Employment—New Sphere of Labour.

It was with a heavy heart, and with a dread of the duties he would now have to be engaged in, that Cooke proceeded to Highgate to enter upon his police duties. He says he had at the time some strange ideas respecting the work of a policeman—to wit, that he was always "fighting with blackguards and thieves," and he had heard a very bad character of Highgate, namely, that it was full of rough navvies and desperate characters. But necessity compelled him to face the work, which he found afterwards to be not quite so repulsive as he had imagined, so with hope and fear, and with much prayer to God, he determined to go on, although he felt keenly his position, especially as he thought that "every one was against a policeman."

He found, however, himself kindly treated on his entrance upon his duties, not only by his comrades, but by others also. His savings in the army were much reduced by the expenses incurred by moving from house to house, and by travelling, and they were all expended by the time he had got his wife comfortably settled.

No sooner was he comfortably settled than his first child was born, a little boy which gladdened for a time the hearts of his parents; but not very long after, his wife was taken ill with fever and inflammation of the lungs, and the physician pronounced her in a consumption. Her sister who came to nurse her was likewise taken ill, and also the child itself. These things involved the young family in difficulties. Besides which, death soon entered into the families of both husband and wife. Mrs Cooke's mother died on the 25th of February, and her grandfather was soon after gathered into the garner, "as a shock of corn fully ripe." Cooke's own mother, too, was carried off, thankful that she had been permitted to see her son's return from service in India, and to be able to see with her own eyes that he had truly enlisted under the banner of the cross.

In the police force Cooke found much to try him, but on the whole he was enabled to get on well. The Lord helped him to serve Him in that employment, as well as when he had been in the army. His opportunities for doing good were no doubt more limited, but yet he found often, even when on duty, an opportunity of speaking to individuals on the great matters of sin and salvation. He preached, too, several times in working-men's halls, and even ventured once to preach in his policeman's dress in the open air. For this latter act, however, he was naturally called to account by his superiors, and

desired not to preach in the open air, as such conduct was inconsistent with the duties of his calling as a policeman. But in any other way, the police authorities informed him, they would not discourage him in his efforts to do good, but would assist him as far as possible. His own superintendent told him encouragingly that the more he had in his division of his sort of men, the better he would be pleased. So that Cooke escaped without receiving any serious censure, which he had been apprehensive of receiving.

The work of watching public-houses, of putting an end to drunken brawls, was not congenial occupation. On one occasion he found a drunken woman, more than half intoxicated, lying on the public road with a child in her arms. Considering that she was incapable of managing her child, he determined to escort her to the nearest police station. She struggled vigorously, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was able at last to convey her along the road, amid the jeers and laughter of the passers-by. Nor was that all, for he was forced to carry her baby himself, which created no little merriment among the bystanders, and had, moreover, to call in the aid of a fellow-constable, who fortunately came to his rescue when he was nearly exhausted. Thus was he enabled at last to execute the task he had undertaken, and finally, after much toil and vexation, he safely lodged his prize in the lock-up.

He was next day compelled to appear against her (at the loss, as it turned out, of a full day), but found that his prisoner was simply discharged with a reprimand, notwithstanding the blows she had vigorously administered to his body, and the rents she had caused in his clothing, as the magistrate considered it was not necessary to inflict any heavier punishment on her than the one night's confinement in the lock-up had been. The experience was not lost on Cooke, and he took care not to give himself such unnecessary trouble in future.

One instance may well be given here of the manner in which he was sometimes enabled to combine a discharge of his duty as a constable with earnest efforts to win sinners from the path of sin and vice.

One morning at two A.M. he met a man and woman, the man in a state of semi-intoxication. The man asked Cooke where he could get a cup of coffee, or something else to drink. The man had come from Clerkenwell, and said he was waiting for some train. Cooke told him that he had evidently had too much to drink already, to which the other replied, that it had been several hours since he had tasted any thing. "You must then have drunk hard when you were at it," said Cooke. "True," replied the other, "but I cannot help it, I love it. It is injuring me. I might have a thousand pounds in my pocket, if I had not taken to drinking. But what can I do?" "Drink no more," replied the

policeman, "go home, and when sober join the first Temperance Society you meet with, and you will be helped to master your besetting sin." "Ah," rejoined the other, "I once was a total abstainer, and kept sober for seven weeks. But one night on going to the meeting I found no one there, and as no one came, and I felt miserable, I went away to drink again, for I wanted to enjoy myself." "Well," replied Cooke, "try again; but first go and seek strength from God, you can have no strength of your own." "That is it," added the wretched man, "I do want strength, I have none." Cooke then entered into further conversation, pointed out the Saviour and His willingness to save, and His readiness to help, and told him how the Lord Jesus Christ helps needy sinners. The other answered, "Well, to be honest with you, I do not feel any desire for those things you speak of, and all that you have said does not move me in the least." In further conversation Cooke found that he was fearfully ignorant, knowing neither the Bible, nor God, nor himself. He even affirmed that he had no soul nor conscience, and because he must soon die, he was determined to enjoy life while he could. So, believing that any further talk was merely casting pearls before swine, with an earnest entreaty that he would seek the things which concerned his everlasting salvation, Cooke continued his beat, and the other went on his way.

Thus was much seed scattered, much on the

wayside or rock, but some, it may be hoped, finding entrance into some soil in which it could spring up and bear fruit to everlasting life.

Such scenes, however, of drunkenness, and of crime resulting therefrom, which came across him in his career as a policeman, fixed deeply in Cooke's mind the conviction that total abstinence from all drinks which could intoxicate was the great and only effectual remedy. He had himself been in India a total abstainer. But now he became more and more attached to the total abstinence cause, and warmly advocated the principles thereof to the last, in every position he held. As a voluntary temperance missionary, he found a wide field for his efforts, and one which was not altogether unfruitful. He gave lectures on various subjects in different parts of London, chiefly at Highgate, and held from time to time cottage lectures. But the duties of his calling as a constable became more and more irksome to him, and he looked about to see if any sphere of work could be discovered in some other more agreeable calling. In many respects his position was comfortable enough. Good pay, a fairly comfortable cottage, and occasionally opportunities for doing good, were advantages not to be thrown away. Nor did he throw them away. But while he was wishing for work more directly evangelistic, a door was opened for his labours in a place and sphere which he little dreamed of.

It will be necessary, however, here before we go

further, briefly to sketch the origin and progress of the British Sailors' Institute at Boulogne, in which Cooke was destined, in God's providence, to be for the short remainder of his life an earnest and a faithful worker.

CHAPTER XIII.

Work among Seamen in Boulogne in past years—Difficulties—Memorial of Seamen in 1868 to the British Consul—Negotiations with French Authorities—Rev. J. Gaskin—Meeting at Sir H. Harrington's—Committee formed to found a Sailors' Institute—Chaplain of Trinity Church—Difficulties of joint action of Churchmen and Wesleyans—Institute opened—Mr. S. Dyke—Appointment of J. L. Cooke as first Lay Agent—Work at Boulogne—Visiting Ships—Growth of Spiritual Life in his Soul—Trials from within—Wesleyan Chapel—Temperance Meetings—Cooke's Account of his Work.

CHAPLAIN'S HOUSE AND SAILOR'S INSTITUTE AT BOULOGNE.

(*See* pages 214, 215.)

SOME fifteen or twenty years ago, when the Rev. W. Toase was Wesleyan minister at Boulogne, a few members of his congregation were wont to visit from time to time the English vessels in the port of Boulogne, and to hold frequent Bethel services on board the vessels in the harbour. A regular work among the sailors on board ship and the artizans on shore, was at one time carried on by an association combined of Churchmen and Wesleyans. Though the work declined, owing to the removal of several persons from Boulogne, who had taken a special interest in the welfare of the seamen, among whom Mr. E. Gibson ought to be especially mentioned, yet the work itself seems to have been occasionally carried on more or less actively up to the year 1867. The small size, however, of the cabins in the vessels in which such services were wont to be held, rendered it impossible for more than about a dozen seamen to be accommodated at such services.

During the month of January or February 1868, some two dozen British sailors, including amongst

their number several masters of collier vessels, wrote to the British consul to solicit his aid and assistance in procuring from the French authorities a room contiguous to the port, where seamen could "meet, read, write, and have their pipe, managed by a committee, so as to insure comfort, regularity, and useful employment, combined with religious instruction." Who it was who originally suggested this memorial is not certain, but the letter or memorial itself was drawn up by Mr. Charles Hunt, a retired Irish magistrate then living at Boulogne, who has since been called to his everlasting rest.

The memorial, however, was strongly supported by the Rev. Joseph Gaskin, the Wesleyan minister in Boulogne, and in those days the only English minister who took a personal interest in evangelistic work in the locality.

The municipal authorities at Boulogne, with whom the British consul (Mr. Hamilton, now Sir William Hamilton) forthwith entered into communication on the subject, expressed their willingness to aid in any way within their power in promoting the comfort of British seamen, but stated that it was not possible to grant rooms for the purpose mentioned to a committee composed of British seamen. The mayor of the town, Dr. Livois, however, informed Mr. Gaskin that no difficulty was likely to be put in the way of founding such an Institute, provided that a committee of English gentlemen resident in the town could be found

willing to undertake the responsibility of its management.

Sir Henry Harington, K.C.S.I., who had but recently returned from India, was then living at Boulogne, and took a considerable interest in the matter. At his residence a private meeting of gentlemen favourable to the scheme was convened by Mr. Gaskin, and the gentlemen then present resolved themselves into a committee to promote the desired object. A letter to the British consul was drawn up at that meeting, in which it was stated that Mr. Dyke, for some years an agent of the London City Mission, was willing to give his gratuitous services for work among the seamen for a year, and that the "Rev. Joseph Gaskin had undertaken the management and superintendence of all the religious services" desired by the seamen, whether on the Sunday or on the week-day evenings. In the same letter a plan was sketched out for establishing an Institute for seamen, provided with a library and reading room.

On receipt of this communication the British consul again wrote to the French authorities, and the mayor, in reply, offered to place at the disposal of the committee, for the purpose indicated, three rooms in the old barracks of Napoleon I. for a moderate annual rent.

This offer was definitely acccepted at the first meeting of the committee (May 7th, 1878), at which Mr. Gaskin and the writer of these pages were ap-

pointed secretaries. The writer, who had been appointed by the Colonial and Continental Church Society to the chaplaincy of Trinity Church, arrived at Boulogne two days after the meeting which was held at Sir. H. Harington's. He was informed by Mr. Gaskin of the scheme, and most willingly offered his co-operation on the basis of the Evangelical Alliance. At Mr. Gaskin's request, he consequently attended the first meeting of the committee.

Some difficulty was apprehended from the attempt to unite at the same time a religious and secular object. Hence it was agreed at the same meeting, at the suggestion of Mr. Gaskin, that one of the rooms of the Institute should be set apart as a reading room, while another should be assigned for the religious services proposed to be held for the benefit of the seamen. It was also agreed that such services should be conducted by the lay missionary who had offered his services, with the help of the two ministers interested therein, and that "the management of this room and the services should be entirely distinct from that of the reading room, and should be given into the hands of the minister of Trinity Church and the Wesleyan Chapel, together with the missionary for the time being."

The main reason assigned for placing the chaplain of Trinity Church in such a position, while no mention was made of the other English clergymen in the town, was not simply owing to the confi-

dence felt in the writer's liberality and willingness to co-operate with Nonconformists on equal terms. The cause was rather, as expressed at that committee, the confidence felt in the Colonial and Continental Church Society, to which Trinity Church belonged, and the fact that that Society desired to promote as far as possible a spirit of Christian harmony among the ministers of various Protestant Churches. It was, therefore, felt that, while there was no security as to what party the other Church of England clergymen might belong—and at the time not one of them sympathised with the Evangelical party, nor were they disposed to favour prayer-meetings in which Wesleyans might be permitted to take part—the chaplain appointed by the society in question might fairly be counted on as likely to co-operate in the work of evangelization among the seamen,—a work which was especially dear to the hearts of the promoters of the project.

An attempt made about this time to secure the support of the other Church Clergy for the Institute, on the ground of the secular objects which it had in view, led to considerable difficulties. Several new members were added to the committee, and other gentlemen were appointed to honorary offices. Some of these did not approve of the religious meetings which were contemplated, and desired to see the Institute founded on a more secular basis; while some of them thought it right to secure for the clergy of the Church of England a prepondera-

ting majority on the committee. This would have put it in their power to put a stop to the religious meetings wished for by the seamen who had originally interested themselves in the project, and, as such meetings were most strongly objected to by certain of the clergy, such a result was feared. As the real object which the original projectors of the plan had at heart, as well as the two ministers who had united to carry it out, was the promotion of the spiritual welfare of the seamen, as well as their temporal improvement, it was deemed absolutely necessary to secure the power and right of holding such prayer meetings without let or hindrance.

Notwithstanding that, by the rules which were drawn up, and which finally passed the committee, though in the face of a decided opposition, full liberty was then accorded to any clergyman desirous of holding in the Institute purely Church services for seamen, and that every care was taken to prevent any clergymen from being personally compromised by the prayer meetings which were contemplated, several gentlemen withdrew at this time from the committee. Some of them seceded without clearly comprehending the point on which the whole controversy had arisen. But the spirit of others was too manifestly indicated by the first clause in a protest, subsequently handed in to the committee, in which the promoters of the scheme were charged with "having committed the impiety of having raised money, and founded a new Methodist meeting-

house for services not exclusively for sailors, and performed by laymen!"

Amid such difficulties, and others arising therefrom, the British Sailors' Institute was launched on its course. It was, however, warmly supported in its first efforts for existence, although loud were the propheeies which were uttered, that its originators had themselves ruined a project which would otherwise have been successful! A manifest blessing from on high rested on its formation, and the work commeneed among the seamen.

Mr. Dyke, the lay missionary, on whose unpaid services so much expectations had been placed, was within four months after the opening of the Institute, called upon to return to his sphere of work in London. The work was carried on for several months after his departure by the secretaries with the aid of some volunteers. But as it was desirable, as soon as possible, to find a special agent for this work, efforts were made in several quarters to find such a person, and the name of John Lovering Cooke was mentioned by a lady visiting Boulogne, as one likely to be found suitable. The Rev. S. D. Stubbs, then of Upper Holloway, London, having been applied to, warmly recommended Cooke for the appointment, and he was accordingly appointed by the committee as the first regular lay agent of the Institute, and entered upon his duties in March 1869.

The acceptance of this post in Boulogne, entailed

a considerable sacrifice on his part, considered from a monetary point of view. But the work was one in which he had wished for a long time to be engaged. The following is the first extract which occurs relative to this in his diary:—

"I enter on my work here as a missionary to-day. My time has been filled up since the 4th (March) in various ways. I have visited the ships several times, but not yet regularly. Now that we are settled in our old cottage (which was in a very dirty and deplorable state), I shall be able to enter fully into my work. I have been much cast down, and my mind is full of anxiety concerning the work. Its responsibilities are great, and I feel quite unable for them. But the Lord is my strength and my song, therefore I will trust and not be afraid."

The mode in which Cooke performed his work, was on the whole very satisfactory. He spent some hours every day in going from ship to ship, giving notices of the Institute, and circulating tracts among the seamen, not only among the English but also among the foreign vessels, and even among such French persons as seemed willing to obtain one of his "little books." There were many objections of the sailors which had to be met and answered, and the advantages of the Institute had to be pressed upon their attention, and from time to time words were spoken to the profit of their souls. An ardent desire to be the means of converting some seamen filled Cooke's soul, and his labours were not altogether

in vain in the Lord. His anxiety concerning the souls of the sailors led him, perhaps, sometimes rather to overdo that part of his work, and led some sailors to avoid the Institute as nothing else than a religious meeting-house. One great object of founding such an Institute was to induce the seamen to come there, in order to keep them out of the way of the temptations of the public-house, whether such seamen might be disposed or not to seek the still more important matters of their souls' salvation.

Inside the Institute itself, however, every care was taken to avoid mixing the religious and the secular objects had in view in its formation. Two prayer meetings were held weekly, one under the direction of the Wesleyan minister, the other conducted by the writer, and Cooke was often left to conduct these meetings himself. His voice was good, and he took great delight in singing hymns, so that he was well qualified to take a leading part at such meetings. Had he received a good education, he would have made a very effective speaker. Sometimes ten, sometimes a dozen, often fifteen, and occasionally double that number used to attend these services, and many expressed with much feeling the good that they obtained to their souls by being present at those meetings.

In visiting the vessels, Cooke was generally popular. He was, however, sometimes met in a hostile manner with curses and oaths. In general, however, the seamen showed that they appreciated

the concern felt for their temporal and spiritual welfare. He would sometimes sing to them songs of a better land, and then from singing lead them on to reading and prayer. One of his favourite songs of this class was that entitled "The Evergreen Shore." He was even known and welcomed on board some vessels by the friendly greeting, "Here comes our old friend, the Evergreen Shore," as the sailors liked to sing with him the chorus in which he led them so well.

The following extracts from his journal about this time, will show the progress of the spiritual life in his soul:—

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. I have passed through a time of much darkness. My soul hath been heavy within me, and a thick cloud seemed to have settled down on my mind. I walked in darkness, and had no light. God for a time saw fit to hide His face from me, and to withhold the consolations of His grace and spirit. This no doubt was necessary to teach me how utterly helpless I was when left alone. When I stood up to exhort my fellow-sinners to flee to Christ, my mouth seemed stopped, my heart was cold and lifeless. I was ashamed of myself. But I earnestly sought the Lord, and He heard me, and again I feel His presence and enjoy His smile. My work among the sailors is interesting and encouraging. Oh, may God save their precious souls and fill me with the Holy Ghost!"

Again, later he writes: "Praise the Lord, I am still in the good old way. My feet have been kept firm, and my heart is fixed on God. I never felt my weakness so much as I do now. I never saw how utterly unfit I am to do anything for God as now. I am called to fight pitched battles every day against the enemies of Jesus and His truth. But the Lord always stands by me, and enables me to stand as a witness, and boldly to confess Him before men. Oh, how much need now I feel there is to be filled with the Holy Ghost. For this blessing I am determined to seek the Lord in prayer."

The harbour in Boulogne is sometimes full of English shipping, while at another time there is scarcely an English vessel in port, and occasionally it is even quite empty. The latter, however, very seldom happens. This fact will explain the allusions in the next entry in Cooke's journal.

"*June* 3*d.*—The Lord be praised for His goodness. My life is yet spared another month, during which I have experienced some revivals of Christ's love in my heart. But oh! how slow I am in my progress heavenward. 'My leanness, my leanness!' is my cry. I am so slothful and fearful, that sometimes I find it a heavy cross to discharge my duty, and yet I am willing to do and suffer for Christ, if needs be. I should be pleased to have more scope for work. At present there is only one ship in harbour, and I sit in the Institute almost alone evening after evening. I find it discouraging, up-hill work, but I am

not left without encouraging hopes. Two souls already have borne witness of having been led to Jesus through my instrumentality, and there have been some encouraging meetings during this month, but what I want is more inward holiness."

Again, he was forced to write: "Lord, increase my faith. I labour and labour, but see no fruits. Lord, give me patience. Satan has been working against me this month, and has cost me some little trouble. I have been ordered off from one ship. But God gave me power and opportunity to tell them the truth. May God bless and save them."

As an instance of how he discharged his daily work, we quote the following from his official journal:—

"*Sunday, Sept. 5th.*—Visited twelve English vessels, and two Norwegian. Distributed sixty English and twelve Norwegian tracts. My time to-day was spent mostly in inviting the sailors to the means of grace, and in trying to induce them to spend their Sabbaths to the best advantage. Some pleaded they had very little time. I told them that there was therefore the greater reason they should improve that which they had. Some said they had time but no inclination to go to any religious service. These I faithfully warned by telling them that by-and-bye, when age, sickness, or death should come (and it might come soon), they would perhaps have the inclination, and not the time or opportunity. I think these warnings were not in vain. I

had eleven seamen at the service at the Institute this afternoon, and twenty-four at chapel in the evening. Last Sunday evening there were about thirty. I went down in the forecastle of one vessel where there were six or seven men laughing together, and began to speak to them in a general way about their souls. Their mirth became more loud and noisy, and all I could say did not make them quiet. Then I sat down, and took out my Testament, and began to read. All became quiet at once, and listened attentively. I then spoke a few words on the Scripture which I had read, and said I hoped that they were not offended at my intrusion. They said, 'Oh, not at all, sir, don't mention it, we are obliged to you.' This civility and kindness I took as an encouragement, and an indication that my labour is not in vain in the Lord.'"

Besides taking part at the weekly prayer meetings, and often conducting them himself, Cooke was accustomed to hold a Sunday service in the Institute in the afternoon for such seamen as he might be able to collect, and who might not otherwise be disposed to attend a place of worship.

Not many months after that he had been engaged in this work, he was appointed also care-taker of the Wesleyan chapel in Boulogne, which post he held in conjunction with that at the Institute until his death. There was no objection made by any member of the committee to his accepting this office, nor did his holding it lessen in the smallest degree

the esteem in which he was regarded by the Churchmen on that committee. He was left quite free to invite seamen to attend the Wesleyan chapel on Sunday evenings, which the majority of sailors seemed of themselves more disposed to attend than the services of the Church of England, and in consequence of his efforts, a considerable increase was observed in the numbers of seamen attending the chapel. This fact, too, was observed without any jealous feelings by the Churchmen who conducted the affairs of the Institute. There was no desire on their part to interfere with the liberty of the lay-agent, or to raise sectarian feelings. Provided the gospel was faithfully preached, as it was in the Wesleyan pulpit of Boulogne, what mattered it on a foreign soil whether British sailors were found listening to the preaching of "Christ crucified" within the walls of a Methodist chapel or of a Church of England place of worship.

The same liberty was conceded to him with reference to the temperance question. Though neither the committee itself nor the secretaries were inclined to go the full length advocated by the teetotalers, yet they were still less inclined to put any hindrance in the way of the agent seeking to do all the good he could in that direction. Hence he obtained permission to hold temperance meetings within the Institute, and from time to time such meetings were attended with no inconsiderable success. In these meetings, Cooke was assisted by some ardent

devotees in the temperance cause, who were found among the ranks of the Wesleyans in Boulogne.

Occasional tea-meetings, at which speeches were made by various gentlemen, and lectures delivered to seamen, helped Cooke much in his work; and when there was little to do among the sailors themselves, he was wont to spend a portion of his time in visiting among the sick and destitute English poor.

The following extracts from his private journal will show his feelings with regard to his work:—

"*August* 1869.—Thanks be unto God for all His goodness towards me. Another month has gone; my work has been steady, and, I trust, sure. Our Annual Meeting was held on the 30th July. It is very encouraging; 112 persons were present. Details of the work for the past year were given, and steps taken to pursue vigorously the work already begun. We have every hope that our Institute will grow and flourish. My heart is filled with joyful hopes for the future, for God is with us, and He will certainly bless the work of His own hand. O Lord, grant me grace in every time of need. *Amen.*"

"*September* 4th.—My work is progressing gradually. The Lord is on my right hand, I shall not be moved. Our prayer-meetings have been well attended this month, and the sailors seem to be more frequent at the chapel. There is every appearance of a good work going on, and although no direct con-

versions have taken place as far as I know, an interest seems to be awakened in eternal things. O Lord, revive Thy work in me, and pour out Thy Spirit in this place. I thank the Lord for the quiet confidence He hath given me in His promises, which enables me to cast all my care upon Him, and to say, Thy will be done."

"*December* 6th.—I have neglected to write for two months, but, thank God, all is well. The word of God has been constantly preached, and not in vain. God's work among the sailors is silently advancing, so that on the whole I may report progress. Our prayer meetings have been well attended. We had a tea-meeting at the end of September. About sixty sailors were there and took tea. A lecture, illustrated by scenes from the magic lantern, was delivered by Rev. C. H. H. Wright on the Jewish Tabernacle, and was listened to with much attention. The number of sailors attending the chapel has been thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty — attentively listening to the gospel. To God be all the praise!"

CHAPTER XIV.

War between France and Germany—Cooke's despondent view of his work at this time—Rooms of the Institute occupied as an Ambulance—Institute housed temporarily in Lecture Room of Trinity Church—Cooke's Lecture on the Indian Mutiny—Return of Institute to its old quarters—Mr. F. W. Hope—Purchase of site for New Institute and Chaplain's House—Colonial and Continental Church Society—Laying of the First Stone of New Building—Opening of New Rooms—Cooke takes a more cheering view of his Work—Domestic trials—Death of Child and of his Wife—Character of Mrs. Cooke—Cooke's work after her death—Illness—Last entry in Journal—Goes to London for Medical Advice—Visit of the Writer to him on his Death-Bed — Spiritual Darkness — Triumph through Christ—Death—Character—Letter with Sketch of his Last Illness from Rev. S. D. Stubbs.

BOULOGNE BRITISH SAILORS INSTITUTE
Hope

In the early half of the year 1870, before the war broke out between France and Germany, matters were going on in regard to the British Sailors' Institute in a regular and quiet way. There was nothing peculiarly stirring being done, although the solid work of evangelising was quietly progressing. The spring and summer months are generally the very time when there are fewest English vessels in that harbour, and the time when, by reason of the influx of travellers to the continent, the sailors on board the passenger steamers plying between England and France are worked the hardest, and therefore have the least possible amount of time on their hands. Under such circumstances, when matters for the time had got into a sort of quiet routine, and when but few seamen attended the Institute, and fewer still the prayer-meetings; when the time of the lay-agent was not completely employed, and hung sometimes heavy on his hands, we need not be surprised that he should have written as follows:—

"It is a long time since I wrote in this broken journal,* and really my life has such a sameness that I have very little to write. Although, if I could remember and record all my experience and trials, I should not be at any want for subjects about which to write. I am now for a season under great heaviness of spirit. My heart is overwhelmed with fears, doubts, misgivings, and unbelief. For a long time past my labour has appeared fruitless, and the number of seamen who have attended the Institute has been, and still is, but small. A good many British seamen have, indeed, been here in yachts, steamboats, &c., but such scarcely ever have time to visit the Institute, and my receptions on board ship have been cold indeed. The work has consequently been very difficult, and I have been, and still am, so grieved and discouraged that it becomes a very heavy cross indeed to do my duty. I seem to be all but dumb when I try to speak of Christ to men. What I say often appears even to me to be but foolishness, and I go home so angry with myself, and so disappointed, that I feel I would wish to hide myself out of sight altogether. I go to visit the ships because it is part of my duty to God and to man to go, but I do not take delight in the work. Rather, like Jonah, do I feel ready to flee from the presence of God. Yet,

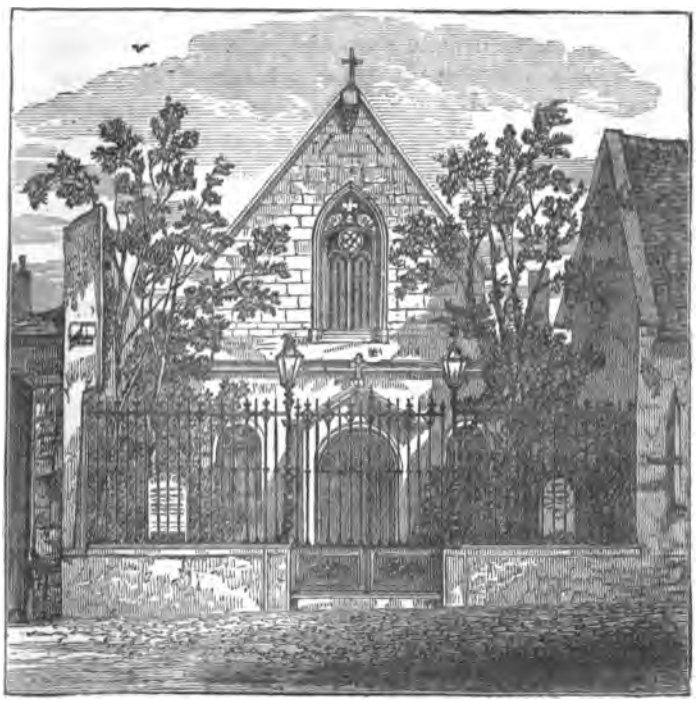
* Cooke kept two journals, one for the inspection of the secretaries of the Institute and the other members of the committee, another strictly private. It is from the latter that most of the extracts here given are taken.

I do grieve and mourn over the state of men's souls, and feel that I could suffer anything to bring them to Christ. . . . . But God knows my trials and my heart, and he will support me. This cloud will vanish away; and, though I now walk in darkness, yet will I trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon my God. In His own good time He will bring me out of this Valley of the Shadow of Death."

A little later he wrote,—"The prayer meetings have been very badly attended, and so has the Sunday afternoon service. Yesterday I did not go to invite the seamen, and I was much grieved and disappointed to find that not one sailor came. Oh, I am so unhappy and grieved for their souls. I could do nothing but weep last night. I am led to think that the fault is in me, and I am afraid lest the blood of these souls may be required at my hand. O Lord, Thou knowest my trouble and anxiety in this matter. Send me help from above. Show me —teach me what thou wouldst have me to do. Oh, the work is too great for me; I am not fit for it. Lord, Thou knowest I did not come here of myself. Thou knowest I did not. Why is it that all my labour seems to be in vain? Give me faith to look to Thee. Who am I that I should expect these things, when Thine own blessed Son was reviled and rejected of men? Show me my work, and help me to do it aright with confidence and faith, leaving all the results to Thee."

In this depressed state of mind, however, Cooke did not remain long. He soon recovered his spirits and went upon his work with the zest he had formerly experienced. The trade of the port of Boulogne suffered much through the war and through the protracted siege of Paris; and, although the British Sailors' Institute offered considerable attractions to seamen, it was then so situated that it was not altogether easy for seamen to find it out, and, being on the second floor in a large building, there were great drawbacks to its usefulness. The rooms in the barracks were, moreover, tenable only during the pleasure of the municipal authorities; and, by the terms on which they were originally granted, the authorities had power to resume possession of them any time at the shortest notice. Nor, considering their public character, could these conditions be considered unreasonable.

During the war, after the battles of Amiens and Bapaume, it was resolved to establish a large ambulance in Boulogne in addition to the smaller ones which were there already. Hence orders were given that the old barracks should be cleared, with the object of converting them to this use. Notice to quit instantly was given to the secretaries of the Sailors' Institute. The call was a most unexpected one, and the work of the Institute must have necessarily come to a complete standstill, had not it been possible to temporarily open the porch of Trinity Church (which had been the year before



The woodcut above of Trinity Church has been executed from a photograph. Above the window are three dates—1620 was the date of the erection of the building as a Roman Catholic convent chapel (afterwards a Capuchin monastery). 1847 was the date at which the building was opened for Protestant worship, and 1869 the date at which the first considerable improvements were effected in the building. In the photograph the date 1620 was unfortunately hidden by the leaves of a tree, which concealed it from the point of view from whence it was taken. Hence the artist, who executed his work without reference to headquarters, has failed in that detail to give a correct picture.

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improved and fitted to serve as a Church Lecture Room) as the reading room and lecture room of the Institute. To that use it was put during the week-day evenings for a term of nearly six months. Lectures were delivered here to seamen, and were well attended.

Cooke delivered in this place a most interesting lecture on the Indian Mutiny, and on the story of his own life in connection therewith. An Indian veteran, whose name stands high among the heroes of that crisis, Major-General Sir Vincent Eyre, K.C.S.I., was present on that occasion, and expressed a very favourable opinion of the merits of that lecture as one given by an ex-artilleryman. The candour with which Cooke related his own faults as a warning to others pleased the General much. A second lecture on a similar subject was also given with great success; and the writer, who took the chair on both occasions, having heard the story of his life, suggested to Cooke that it might be useful to publish the lectures, and offered to revise them for the press. This Cooke, after some consideration, preferred not to do, but said to the writer, "I cannot conscientiously do so, for there is a still darker page of my life than any I alluded to in my lecture which I have never told you of. Maybe I shall tell you of it some day. But I think I know one to whom I should leave my journals if I should die, and let him do what he likes with them." No further words passed on this subject between us, nor did the

writer ask to whom he alluded. There evidently seemed to be some bitter past, the memory of which, the writer thought, ought not to rudely revived.

It was the temporary inconvenience which was caused by the Institute having to be moved from its old apartments, to which, however, it returned at the end of May 1871, which caused the writer's thoughts often to recur to the importance of obtaining some more permanent and suitable place for the operations of the Institute. But, after grave consideration, there did not appear to be any other building where the work could be carried on which could be obtained at so cheap a rate.

Mrs. Hope, widow of the late Rev. F. W. Hope, D.C.L., who endowed the Hope Professorship of Zoology in the University of Oxford, and who had herself been a liberal benefactor to that University, had already done much to improve the state of Trinity Church in Boulogne. The writer had incidentally mentioned to her in correspondence that a site might be procured for a building for the Institute for about £200. To his surprise he received in reply a letter from that lady empowering him to expend that sum if it would suffice to accomplish the end in view. He found, however, on examining closely into the matter that the site he had thought of would not be sold, and that no site could be procured for anything like the sum; the only available site discoverable being offered for £800.

The raising of such a sum by subscription was

considered hopeless, and it was not to be reasonably imagined that any one person would contribute such a sum. Hence, in reply to Mrs. Hope's kind letter, the writer stated the mistake he had made in his calculations, mentioning, however, casually, that the site offered for the larger sum might be utilised further by combining a chaplain's house with the Institute; and that such a scheme might possibly induce the Colonial and Continental Church Society to assist in raising the funds in England for the erection of such a joint building.

Mrs. Hope warmly entered into the idea proposed, and forthwith wrote to offer immediately the necessary funds, on condition that no delay was made in the matter, but that the property was bought within one fortnight. To facilitate matters, she authorised the writer to purchase the property in his own name as a sole trustee, and to make such arrangements as he thought fit to carry out the plan he had proposed.

The matter thus requiring haste, and there being no time to consult either the Society in London, or the committee of the Institute at Boulogne, (there was no quorum of the latter, moreover, in town at the moment), the writer, not wishing for various causes to act as a sole trustee, decided to take the whole risk of vesting the property in the hands of the five trustees of Trinity Church,* adding only

* These five gentlemen were—The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., R. C. L. Bevan, Esq., and the Rev. Prebendary Burgess, B.D.

himself as a sixth co-trustee. The property was thus handed over to the guardianship of the Colonial and Continental Church Society in London.

Mrs. Hope expressed herself much pleased when informed of the decision which had been come to. The Colonial and Continental Church Society accepted the trust on condition that certain rules should be drawn up by the Institute in Boulogne, which, when agreed to by the committee in London, should form the basis of agreement on which the Institute should be given the use of such rooms as might be set apart for its operations; and, finally, the committee of the Institute itself accepted most thankfully the advantages offered to them.*

* The interests of the Wesleyan body were most carefully considered. The old rules of the Institute were revised, and by the new rules which form the basis of agreement between the Society in London and the British Sailors' Institute, the Wesleyan minister, instead of being subject to an annual election, has now an *ex officio* seat on the committee. A proviso was inserted in these rules, that when practicable, the committee shall consist of both Churchmen and Nonconformists; and instead of it being probable that the Wesleyan minister might be precluded at some later time from taking part in the religious operations of the Institute, it has been definitely arranged that in case of any difference arising between him and the chaplain of Trinity Church, he shall have a right to conduct independently one half of all the religious services in connection with the Institute. These regulations cannot be altered, "except," in accordance with the 7th rule of the Institute, "by three-fourths of the members present at a general meeting, of which at least one month's notice shall be given." In event, too, of any alteration being made, the approval and consent of the committee of the Society in London must be sought and obtained before any such alteration can be considered valid, in accordance with the agreement with that Society.

At a later period Mrs. Hope placed in the hands of the Society in London nearly the whole of the money required for the erection of the joint building, and gave her approval to the plans. The sum of nearly £250 was also contributed for this purpose, chiefly by members of the London Committee.

The first stone of the new building was accordingly laid on Sept. 20, 1871, by Capt. the Hon. F. Maude, R.N., chairman of the Continental Committee of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, Mrs. Hope herself being present on the occasion.

It may not be amiss here to quote the following paragraphs from an Address which the writer delivered on the occasion of the formal opening of the New Rooms, which Address was afterwards printed—

"What could have been more liberal than such alterations introduced into our rules, and agreed to most willingly by the committee of the Colonial and Continental Church Society?

"One thing has been secured, and that designedly, by the property being placed in the hands of the trustees of the Colonial and and Continental Church Society, namely, that the religious operations of the Institute will ever be conducted on distinctive evangelical and Protestant principles. No neo-Catholic or Ritualistic doctrines or practices will be taught or exhibited within these walls. The Institute, as long as it abides within this building, which I trust will be its perpetual abode, must be conducted in conformity with the fundamental rules which form the basis of contract with the Society. The rights of Evangelical Churchmen and Wesleyans are alike secured by those rules, and one can appeal against any violation of their spirit to the great public of England, instead of having to accept as decisive the decisions of a small knot of gentlemen in Boulogne, who might not be amenable to the verdict of public opinion in England. All vacancies which may occur in the ranks of the trustees will be filled up by the Society in London, a society essentially connected with the present National Church of England, and yet Protestant in its character, and Catholic in its tone."

The new rooms were formally opened on Aug. 20 the year following by W. T. Charley, Esq., M.P., the Lord Chief Baron of England (Sir F. Kelly), Bishop Anderson and others being present.

The British Consul was also present at the proceedings, as was Dr. Livois, the former Mayor of Boulogne, and a number of gentlemen and ladies, among whom was Mrs. Hope herself. Several clergymen of the Church of England, and ministers of the Wesleyan denomination, took part in the opening meetings.

In the latter part of October, 1871, Cooke wrote the following in his private journal:—

"As regards my work, it is much of a sameness, although there is much of encouragement to be found in it. I have gone on plodding and working, midst hope and fear, faith and unbelief, weakness and strength, darkness and light, doing the same thing over and over again, speaking, preaching, praying, sometimes in great heaviness of spirit, at other times with joy and boldness, begging men to consider their ways, and to flee from the wrath to come. My efforts have not been in vain. Visible fruits have been seen in the awakening of several souls, and in the conversion of a few, so that, on the whole, I have much cause to praise God and take courage. Our work is expanding. The foundation of a new Institute was laid on the 20th of last month, and arrangements made to perpetuate the work among the seamen in Bologne. The war hindered us a little, but I trust that even that will

ultimately make our success the greater. God has helped me, fed me, granted me health and strength, so to-day I am here (and I trust I say it with all humility through Christ), more determined than ever to spend my days in the Lord's service."

He had, however, but shortly before the time he wrote these words, been called to pass through deep waters of trial. In the spring of the year he lost a child, and on the 12th October he lost his affectionate wife. Her health had never been good, and at the time he first came over to France, he had fears about her being in a decline. But it was sickness of another kind which ultimately carried her off, and often she had to rise at night to gasp for breath at an open window. Yet on the whole, there were no symptoms which led any one to anticipate her death at the time it happened. She was as well as usual, rather better, and had retired to rest after partaking of a hearty meal. In an hour she awoke her husband, being in great pain, but after a little thinking it would soon pass off, she asked him to lie down again, which he did. Some three hours after at 2.15 A.M. she awoke him again, and said, "I am dying." He said to her, "Oh no, my dear, I hope not, be calm, do not frighten yourself, you will be better directly." She replied decidedly, "I am dying." "Well, my dear, if you are dying," said her husband, "Jesus is yours in life or death." She fell on her knees and cried, "O Lord, have mercy on me, and pardon all my sins." She was

then in great agony and gasped for breath. Her sister was called, and then the doctor, but all was in vain. Once again she fell on her knees and prayed the same prayer, and then her spirit winged its flight to the unseen world.

She was a gentle woman, of a loving spirit, and with an education considerably above that of her husband. Often she had proved to him a help-meet for him. He wrote thus lovingly of her after her departure. "I had a dear affectionate wife, one who loved Christ and his work, one who was always ready to advise me in difficulty, cheer and comfort me in despondency, soothe me in trouble, encourage me when despairing, pray with me and for me when I was cast down, and smile on me when I was sad. In short, she was one who rejoiced with me when joyful, wept with me when weeping. But now she is gone, and I am now alone. God gave her, and He hath suddenly taken her away. Blessed be His holy name!"

She was buried on the Monday following the day on which she died, and was followed to the grave by not a few who had loved, and by many who respected her, in life.

Cooke's work for the year succeeding the death of his partner, partook of much the same character as before. There were rather more frequent lectures delivered to the seamen in the Institute, and the attendance of sailors increased according as its advantages became more known. But ill health often

prevented Cooke from doing his work, and another (Walter Hill), who afterwards succeeded to his post, was several times called upon to supply his post.

His last entry in his private journal gives a short sketch of the suffering he was now called upon himself to go through:—

"*September 1st, 1872, at ten minutes to twelve o'clock midnight.*—Being unable to sleep, through the multitude of thoughts, and a dull constant pain in my head, I have arisen from my bed, determined to beguile the time by writing a few more lines bearing on my history in this fragmentary journal of mine. May God help me to pen faithfully my experience during the past eleven months, or nearly so, since my dear one's death. Heavy and crushing was the blow to my poor heart. None can fully realize this, but those who have had a similar trial. My head seems to have hung down ever since, and although reconciled to the blow, I still feel its crushing effect. I have been afflicted ever since. My health seems to have given way, and I have scarcely known a day that I have felt well as I used to do. In fact, about three months ago, I thought I was gradually sinking into the grave, and that I was going to join my loved ones who were gone before. I was brought very low, but the Lord helped me. I cried unto God, and He heard me, and, through strengthening medicines and God's blessing, I have been pretty well restored to my general health. But a disease in my ear is

still continuing, and of late it has grown much worse, and gives me great pain, so that I have made up my mind to go to London, to have some skilful advice, and I hope by God's help and blessing to return restored, so that I may again pursue my labours among my dear sailors.

"But it may be otherwise ordered. I may never return. It may be that I have finished my work. If so, I regret very much that I have not done more. How this may be, God only knows. I feel that I should like to be spared yet a little longer, although I do not deserve it. I am so grieved that my labours have been so small and so unsuccessful. Only one or two souls can I look to as seals of my ministry, Therefore I pray, Lord spare me a little longer that I may win some more souls to Thee!

"Just now a poor little moth has burned itself to death, by coming too near the candle. Thus have I been burnt by approaching too near to sin. My want of success has been because of my unfaithfulness, my sinfulness, my want of a single eye, and a holy heart. Alas! alas! God's chastisements, severe as they have been, have not crushed out the enemy from my soul. I have parleyed with sin, indulged sinful thoughts, until it has seemed to me that I might as well have committed the sin itself. But the Lord has preserved me from being thus overcome, and in faithfulness has afflicted me to keep me low at his feet. To God be all the praise! I see God's love written on it all, and

He who has enabled me to struggle against sin, and to loathe it, will yet give me the victory, and bless me with inward holiness. The mischief lies in my own heart. How easy it is to live an outwardly moral life, but oh! God sees the heart. There it is where all my trouble lies. I will trust and hope through Christ to be able to address my enemy thus, in Wesley's words:—

'O my old, my bosom foe, rejoice not over me,
Oft-times thou hast laid me low, and wounded mortally;
Yet thy prey thou couldst not keep, Jesus, when I lowest fell,
Heard my cry out of the deep, and brought me up from hell.'

"May the Lord still keep and guide me, and at last bring me home to heaven, where all conflicts will cease, and where I shall be

'Free from grief, and pain and sin,
With God eternally shut in.'"

So ends his journal, and shortly after his work at Boulogne finally came to a close. He went to England to consult Mr. Harvey, the celebrated aurist, and some painful operations were performed, and it seems, so far as the ear was concerned, with success. But his constitution was too much reduced to bear the drain upon his system, and though hope of recovery was entertained for a considerable time, the disease at last fell upon his lungs, and it was soon apparent that he was rapidly approaching the gates of the grave.

The Committee of the Sailors' Institute showed their sympathy with him, by continuing to the last his full salary as lay-agent, notwithstanding that they

were obliged to pay another person to do his work, and that he had been so short a time in their service.

The writer of these pages visited poor Cooke in London. He found him tenderly watched over and cared for in the house of Rev. S. D. Stubbs, where he had been most kindly taken in. From Mr. Stubbs, he learnt for the first time that he had made a will, disposing of his little effects for the benefit of his first-born and only surviving child, and that he had requested Mr. Stubbs and the writer to act as his executors. In that will he left his private journals and other papers to the writer. From these journals the extracts in these pages have been given, the language having been left as unaltered as possible, though corrected throughout, as Cooke's education was very deficient even for a man of his position in life. His grammar, therefore, needed to be thoroughly revised, as well of course as his orthography.

On the writer approaching his bedside, Cooke wept bitterly, and exclaimed, "Oh, I am so glad to see you, dear Mr. Wright, I am as glad to see you as if you were my brother. How kind of you to come to London to visit me!" After a few words of sympathy had been spoken, he said: "Dear Mr. Wright, I have left you my journals; you will find a sad, sad story contained in them, especially the story of my sad fall in India after I had been converted to Christ. The thought of it afflicts me, it oppresses me. I don't know what to think about myself then. I often fancy I was a hypocrite,

but God knows, though I was entangled in sin, and fell again and again, that even at the time, after every commission of sin, I bewailed it bitterly, and prayed God earnestly for strength against it. And yet I fell again and again under its seductions."

The writer spoke to him of the boundless love of Christ, and of the blood that cleanseth from all sin, and said, "The more deeply humbled you are, dear friend, the more simply you can flee for refuge to the Rock of Ages." We talked long on this theme, and he seemed comforted therewith.

He spoke then of his poor boy whom he was leaving a complete orphan, and with scarce any means even to give him the ordinary education of a working man. And then he returned again to the subject of his journals, and said, "I don't know what to say, Mr. Wright, perhaps the history of my sad life may be a warning to others. I don't know whether a little tract, telling how bad I was, and how I yet found mercy, might not help to bring other sinners to Jesus." But he added again and again, "My sins after conversion, they gall me still." "However," said he, "read all through yourself, and do as you think fit, burn my journals if you think it best, tell my sad story if you think it wise. I leave all to your Christian experience and judgment."

He remained silent a few minutes, and then said, "If you do, dear sir, publish any thing, you know how I loved the army, and the case of British soldiers

in India lies on my heart, dedicate the tract, or whatever it may be, 'to British soldiers in India.'"

He then spoke of his longing desire to get better, and said to me, "Dear Mr. Wright, is there no hope of my getting well again?" On the writer's telling him that it was very, very unlikely, he wept like Hezekiah of old very bitterly. "Oh," said he, "it is very dark, I don't feel sometimes as if I loved Jesus. I sometimes feel that He would do well to cast me off." The writer again pressed home the gospel message, and proposed prayer. "Oh, do pray for me," said he, "and pray very plainly as for a very guilty sinner, don't speak well of me in prayer, but pray for pardon, grace and assurance, and for the gift of the Holy Ghost." The writer did so, and the poor fellow seemed not a little comforted by prayer and by the ministry of the Word.

He then referred to his work at Boulogne and said, "Oh, that I could go back to my work there. I would speak as one alive from the dead. I tried to speak earnestly, but oh, the earnestness that I would now speak with, if God were to grant me to return."

The writer then urged him to remember that he should pray "Thy will be done," to which he replied, "Yes, indeed, God knows best."

After a few minutes silence, he again said, "Sir, will you take my dying message back with you to the seamen at Boulogne. Tell them how I have loved them, and wanted to save their souls. Tell them that in the face of death, my whole confidence

is in Christ alone, tell them that my works, even the best of them, my efforts for Christ look miserable and poor now in sight of the grave. Tell them to trust to Christ's merits alone for salvation, and to flee now to Him, ere they are brought to dying beds. It is hard enough for a Christian to die, but what must it be for one who has no hope in Christ?"

This interview took place on the 12th of December. On the 26th he entered into his rest. "A sinner saved by grace," may well be inscribed over his tomb, as indeed over the tombs of all the Lord's people. Yet he was a faithful worker, diligent in his calling, and though marked by some impetuosity of manner, and some roughness of expression, there beat under that exterior a warm and gentle soul. The sins of his youth lay sorely on his memory, and especially the other sins after his conversion. Though he found peace at the last, yet his experience was a fearful exemplification of the Scripture statement even in the case of believers, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." "If the righteous scarcely shall be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

We close this memoir with annexing the following letter received from Rev. S. D. Stubbs, who knew Cooke well, and in whose house he died.

"My Dear Friend,—It is with much pleasure, though in the midst of pressing occupations, that I sit down to tell you some of my recollections of John Lovering Cooke.

"At the time when I made his acquaintance, in the winter of 1867–8 he was a constable in the Metropolitan Police force at Highgate. I knew him then as a Christian man and a total abstainer, and one who had seen a good deal of life, and could give a reason for the views he held as well as deliver an instructive lecture. About this time I received a visit from the Rev. E. Templeman, who knew him as a gunner in India, and had become much interested in him.

"At Highgate he was accustomed to take part in an open air mission, and the only request made to him on the subject by his inspector, a Roman Catholic, was that he would not stand up and preach immediately opposite to the police station. The courage and boldness that such an open profession of Christ implied can be realised by those who know what it is to act in like manner.

"He used also to render assistance at religious and temperance meetings at the Workman's Hall, Gordon Place.

"In the autumn of 1868 I was asked to recommend a suitable man for the post of missionary to the sailors at Boulogne, and manager of the Institute, and he seemed to be the right man for such a position. He entered upon his work immediately, and from that time I saw him frequently and felt that the confidence of your committee was fully justified,

"In August 1872, as I was passing through the port of Boulogne, though far from well, he met me

on the quay, and took great pleasure in showing me the new building then just opened. On my return home to London in a few days, I found that he had preceded me, and was at my house in much suffering, and under the kind and skilful care of a celebrated aurist, to whom he had been recommended by his English doctor at Boulogne. At his request I attended him on an early visit to Mr. Harvey, and though desirous to render assistance at the operation, found myself quite unable to do so. His private prayer for strength and patience, which his deafness probably prevented him from knowing to be audible, was very touching.

"For some weeks his strength held out, notwithstanding the drain upon his constitution, and he fully expected to recover. But after two months his condition seemed to us very critical, and his strength to fail, and he was advised to keep the house and regard himself as an invalid. He was tenderly nursed by his late wife's sister, and ministered to by the lay assistant of the parish, the city missionary, and myself. Christian friends from Highgate and Upper Holloway also came to visit him. When first made to realise how improbable was his recovery, he suffered much spiritual depression, and could enter fully into the bitter words of Job, 'Thou makest me to remember the sins of my youth.' Dying grace was reserved for a dying hour, but was then granted by Him 'who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.'

"Our seasons of private communion were very sweet, and he always desired that a hymn should be sung at their close, and his voice, even to his last communion, was ever mingled with ours. He very specially delighted in the hymn commencing—

> 'My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
> For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
> My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
> If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.'

"My little children, when hidden from his view, had the privilege of singing this hymn to him when he was too weak to join, or even to see them. They sang to him from behind a curtain.

"One day, when asked his wishes concerning his boy, his only child, about to be an orphan indeed, he showed his appreciation of spiritual work by expressing an earnest hope that he might be a preacher of some kind.

"On Christmas-day, the day before his death, on my giving him my text at the morning service, he showed how clear were all his faculties by remembering that he had addressed his sailors from those same words the previous Christmas.

"His end was truly peaceful. Early in the afternoon of December 26th, I heard that he seemed very low and restless, and proceeded immediately to his room. So far now from being deaf, he could hardly bear my voice,—his ears being quite unstopped, as if in preparation for hearing the chorus of angels. His medical attendant, who was im-

mediately summoned, would not allow him to entertain the impression that he was really better. I felt sure that the end was drawing near, but little thought that it was so near, and left the house for a parochial engagement, but was soon followed by my second son with the sorrowful, but to the sufferer happy, news that the ransomed spirit was delivered from the burden of the flesh, and was in 'joy and felicity!' He had truly 'fallen asleep in Jesus.'

"Cooke was a true soldier of the cross and fought manfully under Christ's banner. The depression that he for a time experienced was probably a chastening of the Lord, but the cloud dispersed before his departure, and we believe that he had a good view of the Promised Land, reminding us of the Lord's dealings with his servant Moses, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Yours &c., S. D. STUBBS."

THE END.

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WORKS

BY

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OF TRINITY COLL., DUBLIN, AND EXETER COLL., OXFORD,

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I.—CRITICAL AND PHILOLOGICAL.

A Grammar of the Modern Irish Language, designed for the use of the Classes in the University of Dublin. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co. 1860. Price 2s. 6d.

The Book of Genesis in Hebrew, with a critically revised Text, various Readings, and grammatical and critical Notes. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1859. Price 5s.

The Book of Ruth in Hebrew, with a critically revised Text, various Readings, including a new collation of

Twenty-eight Hebrew MSS. (most of them not previously collated), and a Grammatical and Critical Commentary, to which is appended the Chaldee Targum, with various Readings, Grammatical Notes, and a Chaldee Glossary. London: Williams & Norgate. Leipzig: L. Denicke. 1864. Price 7s. 6d.

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The Pentateuch, or the Five Books of Moses, in the Authorised Version; with a critically revised Translation, a collation of various Readings translated into English, and of various Translations, together with a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the use of English students of the Bible. Specimen Part, containing Genesis I.–IV., with Commentary, pp. viii. 48. Price One Shilling. London: Williams et Norgate. 1869.

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II.—THEOLOGICAL AND PRACTICAL.

The Spiritual Temple of the Spiritual God: being the Substance of Sermons preached in the English Church, Dresden. London: Nisbet & Co. Dublin: G. Herbert. 1864. Price 2s.

Bunyan's Allegorical and Select Poetical Works. Edited with Notes, original and selected. London: J. Hagger. Leipzig and Dresden: A. H. Payne. 1866. Illustrated. Price £1, 16s.

Ritualism and the Gospel: Thoughts upon St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. London: Nisbet & Co. 1866. Price 1s.

The Fatherhood of God, and its Relation to the Person and Work of Christ, and the Operations of the Holy Spirit. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1867. Price 5s.

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"Mr. Wright has given a very useful manual on the entire subject discussed, and the manly, free, generous spirit in which he has accomplished his task deserves all recognition. We wish we had more such British Chaplains on the Continent."—*English Independent.*

A Memoir of John Lovering Cooke, Gunner in the Royal Artillery, and late Lay-Agent of the British Sailors' Institute, Boulogne, with a sketch of the Indian Mutiny of 1857–58, up to the final capture of Lucknow. Nisbet & Co. 1873. Price 3s. 6d., Illustrated.

III.—PAMPHLETS.

The Importance of Linguistic Preparation for Missionaries in General: with some Remarks on Christian Literature in Eastern Vernaculars. Read before the Dublin University Prayer Union, December 6th, 1862. Reprinted from The Journal of Sacred Literature for April 1863. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. Dublin: George Herbert. 1863. Price Sixpence.

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The Footsteps of Christ. Translated from the German of A. Caspers, Church Provost and Chief Pastor at Husum, by Adelaide E. Rodham. Edited with a Preface by Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1871. Price 7s. 6d.